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Bhattacharya, T, Ed.
Golden treasury of
english prose.

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english prose.

GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH PROSE

[Prescribed by the Board of High School &
Intermediate Education, U. P., for
the Intermediate Classes]

Vide Gazette Extraordinary,
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Compiled and Edited by
T. Bhattacharya, M. A., B. T.
Besant College,
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P R E F A C E

According to the latest method advocated by educationists, a language textbook for detailed study should provide the students with the various forms of prose written by standard authors with instructions and exercises for composition based on that particular form. The study of the text and composition should be co-ordinated in a manner that the student will be gradually equipped with a working vocabulary to enable him to express himself clearly and led to appreciate good literature. 'To aim at literature at this stage is to miss the way to language and literature both. Pave the way to language, and literature will take care of itself.

We have, therefore, in this Selection broken a new ground altogether and presented pieces, easy and simple, at the same time of great literary excellence, which represent some form of prose or other, beginning with the simplest, the Letter, proceeding through Narration, Description, Essay, Argument, Debate, Speech and ending in the Drama.

These extracts are intended to serve as *models* for the students for their composition, and unlike similar selections, are capable of imitation. Some of them are with Indian background.

While choosing the extracts we have scrupulously avoided Burke, Johnson, Lamb and other recognized masters of English prose, as they

are 'too difficult, too quaint and archaic in thought and speech for the present-day students.'

Each lesson is followed by **Annotations, Questions for Comprehension and Appreciation, Assignments or Subjects for Composition and Suggestion for Further Reading.** The body of the Text has been provided with **Key Questions** to stimulate interest and make the reading purposive. At the end of each passage **instructions** have been given for mastering the particular form the extract represents.

—*Editor*

— — — —

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Our sincere thanks are also due to Principal S. L. Srivastava and Prof. U. S. Verma who took great pains to go through the entire book and point out errors—printing or otherwise—which, in the first printing of the book had inadvertently crept in.

1959
A letter
A LETTER

G. Gertrude B.

[Key-Question. What light does this letter throw on the land and life of the people of Persia?]

Gulahek, June 18, 1892.

Dear Cousin Mine,

Dead. I remember you as a dear person in a former existence, whom I should like to drag into this one and to guide whose spiritual ^{soul} coming I will draw paths in ink. And others there are whom I remember yet not with regret but as one might remember people one knew when one was an inhabitant of Mars 20 centuries ago. How big the world is, how big and how wonderful ! It comes to me as ridiculously presumptuous that I should dare to carry my little personality half across it and boldly attempt to measure with it things for which it has no table of measurements that can possibly apply. So under protest I write to you of Persia : I am not me, that is my only excuse. I am merely pouring out for you some of what I have received during the last two months.

Well, in this country the men wear flowing robes of green and white and brown, the women lift the veil of a Raphael Madonna to look at you as you pass ; wherever there is water a luxuriant vegetation springs up and where there is not there is nothing but stone and desert. Oh, the desert round Teheran, miles and miles of it with nothing growing ; ringed in with bleak, bare mountains

path snow-crowned and furrowed with the deep courses of torrents.

grow I never knew what a desert was till I came here ; it is a very wonderful thing to see ; and suddenly in the middle of it all, out of nothing, out of a little cold water, springs up a garden. Such a garden, trees, fountains, tanks, roses and a house in it, the houses which we heard of in fairy tales when we were little : inlaid with tiny slabs of looking-glass in lovely patterns, blue tiled carpeted, echoing with the sounds of running, water and fountains.

Here sits the enchanted prince, solemn, dignified clothed in long robes. He comes down to meet you as you enter, his house is yours, his garden is yours, better still, tea and fruit are yours, so are his kalyans (but I think kalyans are a horrid form of smoke, they taste to me of charcoal paint and nothing else). By the grace of God, your slave hopes that the health of your nobility is well. It is very well out of his great kindness. Will your magnificence carry itself on to this cushion ? Your magnificence sits and spends ten minutes in bandying florid compliments through an interpreter while ices are served, and coffee, after which you ride home refreshed, charmed, and with many blessings on your fortunate head. And all the time your host was probably a perfect stranger into whose privacy you had forced yourself in this unblushing way.

Ah, we have no hospitality in the west and no manners. I felt ashamed almost before the beggars

The west. *अतिशय*

in the street—they wear their rags with a better grace than I, my most becoming habit, and the veils of the commonest women (now the veil is the touchstone on which to try a women's toilette) are far better put on than mine. A veil should fall from the top of your head to the soles of your feet, of that I feel convinced, and it should not be transparent.

Tell. Say, is it not rather refreshing to the spirit to lie in a hammock strung between the plane trees of the Persian garden and read the poems of Hafiz—in the original, mark you—out of a book curiously bound in stamped leather which you have bought in the bazaars. That is how I spend my mornings here; a stream murmurs past me which the Zoroastrian gardeners guide with long handled spades into tiny sluices leading into the flower-beds all around. The dictionary which is also in my hammock is not perhaps so poetic as the other attributes.

This also is pleasant : to come in at 7 o'clock in the morning after a two hours' ride, hot and dusty, and find one's cold bath waiting for one, scented with delicious rose water, and after it an excellent and longed-for breakfast spread in a tent in the garden.

In the garden there are big deep tanks where in the evenings between tennis and dinner I often swim in the coldest of cold water. Before we left Teheran when it was too hot to sleep, I used to go out at dawn and swim under the shadow of the willows. We were very glad to leave Teheran

though we liked the house. It began to be very stuffy and airless ; here, though we are only six miles away, there is always air ; except perhaps between two and four in the afternoon when one generally sleeps. We are much higher up and much nearer the hills and all round us are watered fields where the corn is almost ripe for cutting. The joy of this climate ! I don't think an English summer will be very nice after it.

I learn Persian, not with great energy, one does nothing with energy here. My teacher is a delightful old person with bright eyes and a white turban who knows so little French (French is our medium) that he can neither translate the poets to me nor explain any grammatical difficulties. But we get on admirably nevertheless, and spend much of our time in long philosophic discussions carried on by me in French and by him in Persian. His point of view is very much that of an oriental Gibbon, though with this truly oriental distinction, that he would never dream of acknowledging in words or acts his scepticism to one of his own countrymen. It would be tacitly understood between them, and their intercourse would be continued on the basis of perfect agreement. Now this is a great simplification and promotes, I should imagine, the best of good manners.

Good bye, write to me and tell me how the world goes with you.

—Gertrude Bell

EXPLANATIONS

Madonna—(in Italian) means—My lady—Name of the Virgin Mary—the mother of Christ. Madonna specially refers to the picture of statue or Madonna—the Virgin Mary.

Raphael Madonna—Such a picture by Raphael—the celebrated Artist of the Middle ages.

Hafiz—Persian poet who lived in the 14th Century belonging to the *Sufi* sect. His poems, short and lyrical, embody the *Sufi* philosophy.

Zoroastrian—A fire worshipper. Zoroaster—or Zarathustra is the name of a religious teacher who lived about 800 B. C. His followers are represented by the Parsees. The Parsees worship fire as the symbol of God.

Gibbon—(1737-94) An English Historian famous for his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Banding florid compliments—expressing compliments in a flowery language.

COMPREHENSION

1. *How did the Persian noble receive the authoress ?*
2. *What is a Persian garden like ?*

APPRECIATION

'Gertrude Bell was the gifted daughter of Sir Hugh Bell. In 1913 she travelled alone, except for native guides, from Damascus by a circuitous route to Bagdad. At that time she was the only woman traveller in Arabia. Her knowledge of the East was invaluable in the complicated situation

produced by the Great War. She was employed in Mesopotamia in a diplomatic capacity and she drafted a remarkable state paper upon the political questions of that district."

Lord Birkenhead—

Note the easy, fluent and natural style of her letter. The vivid pen-portrait of the Persian noble, the beautiful description of the Teheran garden make delightful reading.

Evidently the present account refers to one of her earlier visits to Persia. Remember when you write a letter —try to be natural as if you are talking to a friend.

Once a mother advised her daughter how to write a letter. This advice you will find in the following verse:

'I will give a rule', said her mother, 'my dear,

Just think for a moment your sister is here.

And what would you tell her ? consider an then,

Though silent your tongue,

You can speak with your pen.'

ASSIGNMENT

Write a letter to your friend telling him what you did, the people you met and the places you visited during the last summer vacation.

Before you proceed, carefully follow the instructions given below.

—————

WRITING A LETTER

Before attempting to write a letter, as directed in the previous lesson, let us learn how to write a letter. It is easier to express our thoughts in the form of a letter than in any other way.

The best way to write a letter is to write very much as we should talk to a friend. Be just your natural self and your letter will be both easy to write and delightful to read. Take care, however, that you get the letter into its proper form. Letter-writing, especially in English, has some general principles in regard to form and arrangement. Let us consider these according to the parts which a letter consists of.

The Heading—

When we write letters, we must always begin them with our own address, and the date. The address should be put at the right hand top corner of the letter.

The Salutation—

The Salutation is the expression of politeness, respect or affection with which a letter opens. The opening words—My Dear Father, Dear Mohan, Dear Mr. Sinha, as the case may be—come next. Then the body or main part of the letter follows.

Ending—

Last of all come the ending and the signature—

‘Your affectionate’ to relatives (father, brother, sister, etc)

‘Yours sincerely’ to those you know well.

‘Yours faithfully’ to people you do not know very well—
mostly used in business letters.

THE SELFISH GIANT

[**Key-Question**—*What caused the Giant's garden to turn bleak and barren ?*] ३५

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. (Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the Autumn bore rich fruit.) The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here !" They cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing here ?" he cried in a gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden" said the Giant ; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

Trespassers will be Prosecuted

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high walls when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there !" they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow, and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "We must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the

window and looked out at his cold, white garden
 "I hope there will be a change in the weather," st

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer
 The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden w
 but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He b
 too selfish," she said. So it was always Winte
 there, and the North Wind and the Hail, and th co
 Frost, and the Snow danced about through the tree w
 lit

One morning the Giant was lying awake in be
 when he heard some lovely music. It sounde
 so sweet to his ears that he thought it must b
 the King's musicians passing by. It was reall
 only a little linnet singing outside his window, bu
 it was so long since he had heard a bird sing i
 his garden that it seemed to him to be the mos
 beautiful music in the world. Then the Ha
 stopped dancing over his head, and the Nort
 Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume cam
 to him through the open casement. "I believe th
 Spring has come at last," said the Giant ; and h
 jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see ?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through
 little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and
 they were sitting on the branches of the trees. In
 every tree that he could see there was a little child
 And the trees were so glad to have the childre
 back again that they had covered themselves wit
 blossoms, and were waving their arms gently abo
 the children's heads. The birds were flying abou
 and twittering with delight, and the flowers wer
 looking up through the green grass and laughing
 It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it wa

still winter. It was the ^{सबसे दूर} farthest ^{कोने} corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying ^{बुरा} bitterly. The poor tree was still covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring about it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it ^{झुका} bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too ^{छोटा} tiny. small.

And the Giant's heart ^{घुल} melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and, then I will knock down the wall and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

[*Key-Qn.-How did the Giant deserve to go to Heaven?*]

So he ^{ऊपर से नीचे} crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run; for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossoms and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children when they saw that the Giant was not ^{बुरा} wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your

garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children: "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before: and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him, "How I would like to see him?"

दुर्बल Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge arm-chair and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the

Winter now, for he knew that it was ^{only देखते ही} merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he ^{रगड़का} rubbed his eyes in ^{हैरान} wonder and looked and looked. It ^{सचमुचे} certainly was a ^{अद्वितीय} marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He ^{तेजी से दौड़ा} hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close, his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who ^{कैसे} hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him." 1963

"Nay," answered the child, "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who ^{कौन} art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise." अन्तिम

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree all covered with white blossom.

—Oscar Wilde.

EXPLANATINOS

Ogre—A man-eating giant.

Cornish—of or belonging to Cornwall.

COMPREHENSION

- gmf ✓ 1. *Why did the Spring and Summer give up visiting the Giant's garden ?*
2. *What caused the Giant's heart to melt ?*
- gmf ✓ 3. *What brought about the transformation of the garden ?*
4. *Why did the Giant kneel before the child ?*

APPRECIATION

This is a fine story. Notice the remarkable ease with which the story has been told, the apt use of the dialogue, and the simple poetic expression which has been used. The writer Oscar Wilde (1856-90) 'in verse and in prose, in lyrics and in essays often bright with raillery and occasionally weighted with thought showed remarkable talent.' He wrote some brilliant plays of which the *Importance of Being Earnest* is the one clearly surviving work—a comedy of genius.

Notice the masterly skill which the author has employed in narrating the story. How simple the story is. There is not much of a plot and no working up of an exciting situation to hold the reader's attention. There is not a useless word in the story. Every sentence serves its purpose and no more. Love transforms even the most selfish amongst us into a being worthy of Paradise.

ASSIGNMENTS

Before attempting original stories—better start by *Reproduction* of old familiar stories like the story of Dhruva, Rama or the Pandavas or stories by Premchand, Sharat or Rabindranath that you might have read. Follow the instructions given in the next lesson carefully.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

1. *Stories from the works of Oscar Wilde*—Collins.

WRITING A STORY

When you are telling a story, try to tell it as simply and as naturally as possible. Think for a few minutes over what you are going to say. Jot down notes if necessary, then make a start.

The Opening is very important—

Your opening should be such as would at once interest your readers or listeners. Then plunge straight into the body of the story.

Do not forget the Dialogue— *संवाद, conversation.*

That is important. If you can tell your story partly by means of dialogue, so much the better. Remember, one way to hold the reader's interest is by means of dialogue—dialogue that is crisp and natural.

The Conclusion is equally important— *समाप्ति*

It is perhaps the most important part of the story. A tame ending is most likely to spoil the whole story.

The story you are going to tell need not be fiction. It can be true or imaginary, an incident from history or some anecdote from your own life—an actual experience of travel or adventure or a short account of the life of some one.

Now read again the story of the Selfish Giant. Let it serve you as your model. Note the masterly way in which the story has been told, the apt use of the dialogue and the simple English in which it is written.

"लेनवे डिने में एक तरफ़ी"

मीटरसन

A MAN-EATER IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

[Key-Question. शिकारी (वचन) शिकार किस प्रकार hunted ?] How did the hunter become the

जुनकि

मानक

Towards the end of my stay in British East Africa I dined one evening with Mr. Ryall, the Superintendent of the Police, in his inspection carriage on the railway. Poor Ryall! I little thought then what a terrible fate was to overtake him only a few months later, in that very carriage in which we dined.

पारण

दिदि

पारण

यत

कर

A man-eating lion had taken up his quarters at a little roadside station called Kimaa, and had developed an extraordinary taste for the members of the railway staff. He was a most daring brute, quite indifferent as to whether he carried off the station master, the signalman, or the pointsman; and one night, in his efforts to obtain a meal, he actually climbed up on to the roof of the station buildings and tried to tear off the corrugated iron sheets. At this the baboo in charge of the telegraph instrument below sent the following laconic message to the Traffic Manager: "Lion fighting with station. Send urgent succour." Fortunately he was not victorious in his "fight with the station," but he tried so hard to get in that he cut his feet badly on the iron sheeting, leaving large blood-stains on the roof. Another night, however, he succeeded in carrying off the native driver of the pumping

engine and soon afterwards added several other victims to his list. On one occasion an engine-driver arranged to sit up all night in a large iron water-tank, in the hope of getting a shot at him, and had a loophole cut in the side of the tank from which to fire. But as so often happens, the hunter became the hunted; the lion turned up in the middle of that night, overthrew the tank, and actually tried to drag the driver out through the narrow circular hole in the top through which he had squeezed in. Fortunately the tank was just too deep for the brute to be able to reach the man at the bottom; but the latter was naturally half paralysed with fear and had to crouch so low down as to be unable to take anything like proper aim. He fired, however, and succeeded in frightening the lion away for the time being.

It was in a vain attempt to destroy this pest ^{kill} that poor Ryall met his tragic and untimely end. On 6th June, 1900, he was travelling up in his inspection carriage from Makindu to Nairobi, accompanied by two friends, Mr. Huebner and Mr. Parenti. When they reached Kimaa, which is about two hundred and fifty miles from Mombasa, they were told that the man-eater had been seen close to the station, only a short time before their train arrived, so they at once made up their minds to remain there for the night and endeavour to shoot him. Ryall's carriage was accordingly detached from the train and shunted into a siding close to the station, where, owing to the unfinished state of the line, it did not stand perfectly level,

but had a pronounced list to one side. In the afternoon the three friends went out to look for the lion, but finding no traces of him whatever they returned to the carriage for dinner. Afterwards they all sat up on guard for some time but the only noticeable thing they saw was what they took to be two very bright and steady glow worms. After-events proved that these could have been nothing else than the eyes of the man-eater steadily watching them all the time and studying their every movement. The hour now growing late and there being apparently no sign of the lion, Ryall persuaded his two friends to lie down, while he kept the first watch. Huebner occupied the high berth over the table on the one side of the carriage, the only other berth being on the opposite side of the compartment and lower down. The Ryall offered to Parenti, who declined it, saying that he would be quite comfortable on the floor and he accordingly lay down to sleep, with his feet towards the sliding door which gave admission to the carriage.

[Key-Question. *How did Ryall meet his tragic end?*]

It is supposed that Ryall, after watching for some considerable time, must have come to the conclusion that the lion was not going to make appearance that night, for he lay down on the lower berth and dozed off. No sooner had he done so doubtless, than the cunning man-eater began cautiously to stalk the three sleepers. In order to reach the little platform at the end of the carriage, he had to mount two very high steps from the railway line.

but these he managed to negotiate successfully and in silence.) The door from this platform into the carriage was a sliding one on wheels, which ran very easily on a brass runner ; and as it was probably not quite shut, or at any rate not secured in any way, it was an easy matter for the lion to thrust in a paw and shove it open. But owing to the tilt of the carriage and owing to his great extra weight on the one side, the door slid to and snapped into the lock the moment he got his body right in, thus leaving him shut up with the three sleeping men in the compartment.

He sprang at once at Ryall, but in order to reach him had actually to plant his feet on Parenti, who it will be remembered, was sleeping on the floor. At this moment Huebner was suddenly awakened by a loud cry, and on looking down from his berth was horrified to see an enormous lion standing with his hind feet on Parenti's body, while his forepaws rested on poor Ryall. Small wonder that he was panic-stricken at the sight. There was only one possible way of escape, and that was through the second sliding door communicating with the servants' quarters, which was opposite to that by which the lion had entered. But in order to reach this door Huebner had literally to jump on to the man-eater's back, for its great bulk filled up all the space beneath his berth. (It sounds scarcely credible, but it appears that in the excitement and horror of the moment he actually did this, and fortunately the lion was too busily engaged with his victim to pay any attention to him.) So he managed to reach the door in safety ; but

there, to his dismay, he found that it was held fast on the other side by the terrified coolies, who had been aroused by the disturbance caused by the lion's entrance. In utter desperation he made frantic efforts to open it, and exerting all his strength at last managed to pull it back sufficiently far to allow him to squeeze through, when the trembling coolies instantly tied it up again with their turbans. A moment afterwards a great crash was heard, and the whole carriage lurched violently to one side; the lion had broken through one of the windows, carrying off poor Ryall with him. Being now released, Parenti lost no time in jumping through the window on the opposite side of the carriage, and fled for refuge to one of the station buildings; his escape was little short of miraculous as the lion had been actually standing on him as he lay on the floor. The carriage itself was badly shattered, and the woodwork of the window had been broken to pieces by the passage of the lion as he sprang through with his victim in his mouth.

! All that can be hoped is that poor Ryall's death was instantaneous. His remains were found next morning about a quarter of a mile away in the bush, and were taken to Nairobi for burial. I am glad to be able to add that very shortly afterwards, the terrible brute who was responsible for this awful tragedy was caught in an ingenious trap constructed by one of the railway staff. He was kept on view for several days, and then shot.

—Paterson

EXPLANATIONS

Laconic—brief.

Mombasa—The sea port on the east coast of Kenya.

Pronounced list—Noticeable leaning over to one side.

COMPREHENSION

1. *How did the lion enter the carriage ?*
2. *How did Huebner make his escape ?*
3. *Why was Parenti's escape miraculous ?*

APPRECIATION

This vivid narration of the tragedy comes from the pen of Lt. Col. J. H. Paterson who was sent out by the British Government to help construction of a railway in Uganda. Lt. Col. Paterson's book—*The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*—is remarkable for thrill, suspense and horror—all of which are to be found here in the extract taken from the book. It has been for long quite a favourite with the young as an entertaining book of adventure.

ASSIGNMENTS

Read carefully the instruction given in the following pages regarding Narrative writing. Then write on :—

- (1) A Street Accident.
- (2) A Wrestling Match.
- (3) An account of the first battle of Pzzipat.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

1. *The Man-eaters of Tsavo*—Macmillan.
2. *The Man-eaters of Kumayun* by Corbett—Oxford.

NARRATIVE COMPOSITION

You have seen already that the easiest kind of Narrative Composition consists in telling the short and simple story, such as a fable or some little incident of our life.

From this we pass on to narrative work—work of a more difficult kind in which we tell the story of a person's life or give an account of a period of history or some other events.

The chief difficulty here will be the selection of facts—facts that show your subject to the greatest advantage. You should proceed by *deciding about the main points* you intend to deal with, *draw up an outline with the points arranged in the most clear and effective order.*

You will be dealing, in a narrative composition, with a sequence of events. The best order to adopt is the order in which the events took place. Later on, with more practice and greater command it is advisable that you should vary this order.

The opening and closing sentences are important. The opening sentence should be such as would arouse the interest of the reader and would induce him to read on. The closing sentence should leave the reader pleased, satisfied, and convinced.

Last of all, you should bear in mind that your narrative should deal with one main subject. Every word, every sentence, every paragraph must contribute to a definite unit of impression.

Now in the light of the above observation study the incident in the last lesson.

Note how arresting is the opening paragraph of the narrative. Note how effective is the impression created by the concluding sentence. Note also how the chief events have been put down in a clear logical order.

BANARAS*

1960

[Key-Question. *What is the bank of the Ganges at Banaras like at the time of the Solar eclipse?*] हृष्ट

It was said that the eclipse of the sun would be visible from Banaras. But it needed more than smoked glass to see it; the eye of faith was also indispensable. That, alas, we did not possess/had. Partial to the point of being non-existent, the eclipse remained, for us at least, unseen. Not that we minded. (For it was not to look at the moon's silhouette that we had rowed out that morning on the Ganges; it was to look at Hindus looking at it. The spectacle was vastly more extraordinary.)

There were, at the lowest estimate, a million of them on the bathing ghats that morning. A million. All the previous night and day they had been streaming into the town. We had met them on every road, trudging with bare feet through the dust, an endless and silent procession. In bundles balanced on their heads they carried provision and cooking utensils and dried dung for fuel, with the new clothes which it is incumbent on pious Hindus to put on after their bath in honour of the eclipsed sun. Many had come far. The old men leaned wearily on their bamboo staves. Their children astrides of their hips, the burdens on their heads automatically balanced, the women

*Now Varanasi

walked in a trance of fatigue. Here and there we would see a little troop that sat down to rest—casually, as is the way of Indians, in the dust of the road and almost under the wheels of the passing vehicles.

1960 And now the day and hour had come. The serpent was about to swallow the sun. A million of men and women had come together at Banaras to assist the Light of Heaven against his enemy.

The ghats go down in furlong-wide flights of steps to the river, which lies like a long arena at the foot of enormous tiers of seats. The tiers were thronged to-day. Floating on the Ganges, we looked up at acres upon sloping acres of humanity.

On the smaller and comparatively unsacred ghats the crowd was a little less densely packed than on the holiest steps. It was at one of these less crowded ghats that we witnessed the embarkation on the sacred river of a princess. Carried and curtained with glittering cloth of gold, a palanquin came staggering down through the crowd on the shoulders of six red-liveried attendants. A great barge, like a Noah's ark, its windows hung with scarlet curtains, floated at the water's edge. The major-domo shouted and shoved and hit out with his rod of office; a way was somehow cleared. Slowly and with frightful lurchings, the palanquin descended. It was set down, and in the twinkling of an eye a little passage-way of canvas had been erected between the litter and the door of the barge. There was a heaving of the cloth of gold, a flapping of the canvas; the lady—the ladies, for there were

Deluge = नद्य-युद्धा नन्दे - नन्दम्

several of them in the litter—had entered the barge unobserved of any vulgar eye. Which did not prevent them a few minutes later when the barge had been pushed out into mid-stream, from lifting the scarlet curtains and peering out with naked faces and unabashed curiosity at the passing boats and our inquisitive camera. | Poor princesses! They could not bathe with their plebeian and unimprisoned sisters in the open Ganges. Their dip was to be in the barge's bilge-water. [The sacred stream is filthy enough under the sky] What must it be like after stagnating in darkness at the bottom of an ancient barge?

[Key-Question. How did the people take their bath?]

We rowed on towards the burning ghats. Stretched out on their neat little oblong pyres, two or three corpses were smouldering. They lay on burning faggots, they were covered by them. Gruesomely and grotesquely, their bare feet projected, like the feet of those who sleep uneasily on a bed too short and under exiguous blankets.

A little further on we saw a row of holy men, sitting like cormorants on a narrow ledge of masonry just above the water. [Cross-legged, their hands dropped limply, palm upwards, on the ground besides them, they contemplated the brown and sweating tips of their noses. The noise of an assembled million filled the air; but no sound could break the meditative sleep of the nose-gazers.]

At a given moment the eye of faith must have observed the nibblings of the demoniacal serpent.

For suddenly and ^{over the} simultaneously all those on the lowest steps of the ghats threw themselves into the water and began to wash and gargle, to say their prayers and blow their noses, to spit and drink. ^{Many} A numerous band of police ^{smaller} abbreviated their devotions and their bath in the interest of the crowds behind. The front of the waiting queue was a thousand yards wide; but a million people were waiting. The bathing must have gone on uninterruptedly the whole day.

^{अधस्तात्} Time passed. The serpent went on ^{निगलित} nibbling, imperceptibly at the sun. The Hindus counted their beads and prayed, made ritual gestures, ducked under the sacred slime, drank, and were moved on by the police to make room for another instalment of the patient million. We rowed up and down, taking snapshots. West is West.

In spite of the serpent, the sun was uncommonly hot on our backs. After a couple of hours on the river, we decided that we had enough, and landed. The narrow lanes that lead from the ghats to the open streets in the centre of the town were lined with beggars, more or less holy. They sat on the ground with their begging-bowls before them; the charitable, as they passed, would throw grains of rice into each of the bowls. By the end of the day the beggars might, with luck, have accumulated a square meal. We pushed our way slowly through the thronged alleys. From an archway in front of us emerged a sacred bull. The nearest beggar was dozing at his post—those who eat little sleep much. The bull lowered its muzzle to the sleeping

man's bowl, made a ^{quick eating} scouring movement with its black tongue and a morning charity had gone. The beggar was still dozing. Thoughtfully chewing, the Hindu totem turned back the way it had come and disappeared. *Bull's*

—A. Huxley

EXPLANATIONS

silhouette—outline of an object seen against the light.

trudging—walking along, toiling along.

Noah's ark—a large covered boat built by Noah in which he, his family and some representative animals were saved from the great flood described in the Bible.

Major-domo—Steward.

cormorant—a greedily devouring creature.

totem—figure used as a symbol of relationship.

COMPREHENSION

1. *How were the people making their way to Banaras ?*
2. *How did the Princess get to the boat ?*
3. *What did the author observe on the burning ghats ?*
4. *How did the people take their bath ?*

APPRECIATION

You are sometimes called upon to write about a fair or a festival, a sacred place, a boat trip or a walk by the river-side. Here is a model for you. How keen is the observation of the author. Even the minutest details do not escape his notice. Men, women and children crowding the approaches to the holy city, the vast gathering on the riverside, the embarkation of a princess, the meditation of the sages, the beggars along the lanes have all been vividly described.

ASSIGNMENTS

Attempt a description after the model, of a fair, say—Magh Mela at Prayag, or the mela of Garhmukteswar or that of Harihar Chhettar at Sonapur. You can make use of the sentences in the lesson that describe the approaches, the gathering, the bathing, the Sadhus and the other points of interest which are peculiar to the fair that you describe. First of all draw up the outline and then proceed.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

Jesting Pilate by A. Huxley—Chatto and Windus.

DESCRIPTIVE COMPOSITION

We have learnt how to tell a story and how to write a dialogue. We are now here going to learn how to describe an object, place or person.

When writing a piece of description, our aim should be to present a true and interesting picture of the object we are going to describe.

It is better *to think out and fix upon some points in their proper order.* We should then proceed to *write a short paragraph on each point.*

Revise what you have learnt about Narrative Composition. The same remarks hold good in the case of Descriptive Composition as well.

1. *The beginning should be arresting.* There should be a key-sentence.

2. As to the body—*Write from your own knowledge, observation and imagination. Put the ideas in a logical order. Express them in neat and simple language. Bring out the main impression.*

3. There should be a *concluding statement* emphasizing the main impression.

THE GREAT LITTLE MAHATMA

[Key-Question. *What people visited Gandhiji in London ?*] *महात्मा गांधीजी के लंदन में भेंट करने वाले लोग*

I was privileged to see Mahatma Gandhi "close up" during those Round Table Conference days through my friend, Sarojini Naidu. He was induced to allow me to model his portrait. *तस्वीर* Persuaded

It was not easy. He would not pose. This was either by modesty, through overwork, or because *humble* मनोरमा he was not interested in Art ! Probably all three.

I was reminded of Lenin who made similar conditions when, in 1920, I was admitted to his work room in the Kremlin. There is a curious *strange* similarity between these two. Both are passionate *enthusiastic* idealists, even if they are divided on the value of violence. *असह्य*

The first time I found myself in his presence *आगमन* the Mahatma said (just as Lenin had said), "I cannot pose, you must let me go on with my work, and do the best you can."

Gandhi squatting upon the floor proceeded *continued* with his weaving. Lenin in his office chair went on reading.

I sensed on both occasions *आगमन*—a silent resentment, but in each case it ended on terms of great *opposition* *असह्य* mutual friendship. One day Gandhi, in almost the same words and with the same ironical smile as Lenin, observed : *चमत्कार*

"So you are a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill !"

It was the same old joke ; Winston's relation
 चाराप्रेष fraternizing (yes?) with his arch enemy ? And
 Gandhi pursued :

"You know he refuses to see me ? But you will tell him, won't you, from me how glad I am to see you."

Lenin is much the same way : "You will tell your cousin. etc."

And when their respective heads were finished and I asked one and the other the question : "What do you think of it ?" they answered identically, "I don't know—I cannot judge of my own face, and I know nothing about Art—but you have worked well !"

I sometimes wonder which of these two men will leave the greater imprint on the world.

Lenin would seem—as far as Russia is concerned to have left no imprint, other than a preserved body in a glass case. But it is too early to judge. Christianity took two hundred years to get under way.

Gandhi is still active. His work begins to bear fruit.

I believe that both these men have given an indestructible message to the world—a message that heartens those who were rejected and down-trodden, a message that has enabled the humble to raise their heads, and recognize their place in the sun.]

In Gandhi's message there is a degree of spirituality that raises it to a sublime level. Noble.

Those who have died in the cause of Lenin

would seem to be heroes, but those who have died in the name of Gandhi would seem to be both heroes and martyrs. *शहीद. श्रद्धा*

I had an ^{Chance} opportunity of comparing notes with the American sculptor, Joe Davidson, who also modelled a head of Gandhi. Joe Davidson has modelled most of the prominent men of our time; and we agreed they were disappointing to meet. Hardly one of them would leave an impression, if he had not been 'dished up' with the recognizable trimmings of sentries and a background of usurped palaces. But Gandhi stands out above all these. In his grandiose simplicity the little bare-legged man, wrapped around in his "Khaddar," is deeply impressive. [So impressive is he, such is the respect that he inspires, that I reverently kissed his hand at our final parting, when he assured me that he had grown to love me (in the Christian sense) and that he never forgot his friends.] *Rememberable शानदार*

A statuette of him, in the cross-legged position in which he sat weaving, has the place of honour on my writing-table. [Actually he is looking down intent upon his weaving, but to me he is a Buddha in deep contemplation, and I sense the flow of cosmic thoughts that emanate from his immovable quietude.] *Very Insp 7/11/62*
पितृ
प्रेम
अति निमग्नता असाधारण
मनो
निवृत्तता

It was a little world that surrounded him in those London days, but from the point of view of diverseness of representation it was immense.

Every morning from ten to twelve, he was available to all those who sought his advice or preferred appreciation. He received them with

fraternal kindness and tolerance, but never let them interrupt his spinning. Only once did he rise to his feet to greet a visitor. I do not believe he would have risen for a royalty, but he rose for a Canon of the Church of England who came with a book, and begged him to write "What we should do to be better Christians."

I was impressed by the firm yet gentle way in which he dismissed those who stayed too long or whose questions seemed importunate.

There was a gentleman who claimed to have known him in South Africa and who tried vainly to recall himself to Gandhi's memory.

"Don't you remember our talks in South Africa, Mr. Gandhi?"

"I remember South Africa."

"Don't you remember the garden of the hotel in Durban?"

"I remember being admitted to the hotel on condition I did not go into the garden—they only tolerated a Hindu if he stuck to his room—but that is of no interest. I am delighted to see you, Mr. A, but I wouldn't like to keep you if you are in a hurry—"

I felt rather sorry for Mr. A's discomfort but I don't believe that Gandhi was haphazard in his aloofness. Perhaps he really did remember certain "talks in South Africa,"

The next visitor (they followed in a kind of procession, announced by a disciple-secretary) was a well-dressed typical Englishman whom the Mahatma greeted with great friendliness. Con

“उमाशन्त ने मुझ की प्रशंसा की। मैं भी जगि दी दे”

versation, however, did not rise above the weather and the greenness of England. The visitor was a doctor who had saved his life when he operated him urgently by candle-light, for appendicitis.

The doctor was followed by a French lady who, in answer to the Mahatma's question, "Does France still preserve her war spirit ?" drew herself up protestingly : "Monsieur Gandhi, we did not make the war. We defend ourselves," to which Monsieur Gandhi smiled tolerantly. रक्षा कोना

Then came the editor of a Left-wing "Weekly." Every question I had longed to ask was presented for discussion. The editor had very precise arguments. Gandhi had an answer to everything; his answers were conclusive and satisfying. 1937.

When the editor was through, the wife of Paul Robeson flopped down on the floor at his feet and asked for his opinion on the Negro question in the United States. It was quite obviously a problem which the Mahatma had not hitherto been called upon to consider. Mr. Robeson, however, produced statistics : "Do you think some day the Negroes will predominate ?" प्रमुख स्थापित करना

Gandhi did not think so. She persisted. Pulse over

"Do you think we may be assimilated ?" मिश्र आ (मिश्र) न.

"Perhaps—"

"And then— ?"

"Well, then it will be no longer a Negro problem."

Suddenly a young German woman burst in unannounced. She appeared to know the Mahatma so well that she could dispense with ceremony. He paused in his spinning, and extended his bony, कमल-माला

supple hand. She took it in both of hers and held it as though she held some sacred relic.

"You are going back to Germany?" he asked.

She bowed her head, her lips trembled, but she did not answer. There were tears in her eyes.

"Good-bye—"

She took a step backwards, her arms still extended, her eyes fixed upon him in a kind of ecstasy, a sob, and she disappeared.

A turbaned messenger arrived from the Ag Khan—"Very important, His Highness hopes you will agree to arbitration—"

Then a Hindu student presented his American wife. Gandhi shot a comprehensive glance at her and asked the young man :

"Do you intend to take your wife to India?"

The answer in the affirmative sounded, I thought a little nervous. The bride was naive, radiant, full of self-confidence. "When are you coming to the United States, Mahatma?"

"Not yet—"

"Everybody's crazy about you over there!"

The Mahatma's eyes twinkled : "My well-informed friends tell me I'd be relegated to the Zoo !" (Protest and laughter).

Then the Mahatma's biographer, C.F. Andrews intervened to discuss details for the week-end.

"Yes, yes," agreed Gandhi, who was absorbed in mending a broken strand.

"—and this evening, Bapu, don't forget the reception by fifteen Anglican bishops. The Bishop

of London is coming expressly to meet you at seven o'clock."

Gandhi looked up sharply : "What about the seven o'clock prayer ?" *Advised*

Mr. Andrews suggested that it be either advanced or retarded. Gandhi decided, "It shall be in the car on the way." *later on*

Celling up One sensed the difficulty of maintaining an Eastern ascetic's life in a Western turmoil. *keeping* Monday's day of silence was continually threatened and maintained only with the most determined effort. Food, too, was a constant pre-occupation. *Business* [Key-Question. How did Gandhiji impress the author ?]

Having expressed my appreciation for being allowed to be present on one occasion at the seven-o'clock evening prayer, the Mahatma said : "It is open to all, but if you would like to come, *three* o'clock-morning prayer, I Shall arrange with my friends for you to spend the night at Kingsley Hall,—but you will have to bring your own blankets, for we are poor people there."

Kingsley Hall was a welfare *श्रुत* organization for factory workers, to which Miss Lester devoted her life and fortune. It was to show his appreciation *extraordinary* of Miss Lester and her work that the Mahatma had accepted the hospitality of Kingsley Hall *श्रुति* during his official visit to England.

I arrived on a foggy, freezing night and was taken to my room, a little white monastic cubicle. Access to it was across an open terrace on the roof. A white veiled figure leaning on the parapet was Mirabai, looking more than ever like Puvis de

Chavannes' Sainte Genevieve. She promised to wake me just before three o'clock.

रहस्यमय I shall never forget that night, the strange mystic beauty of it. Half asleep and wrapped in a fur coat, I followed Mirabai to the Mahatma's cell. It was small and white and cold; he sat on a thin mattress on the floor, enveloped in his 'Khaddar' and looked very frail. ^{weak} wrapped ^{Chaddar}

We were joined by his Hindu secretary; the lamp was put out, and through the open door came faint, cold, blue mist. Two Hindus and an English saint chanted the Brahmin hymns. I felt that I was dreaming.

A little before five Mirabai again awakened me; it was the Mahatma's walking hour and repeated the best moment to get him to talk.

Thought It was quite obvious that this life might be beautiful in any other climate, or adapt itself to a less nervously strenuous programme. How the Mahatma was able to sustain his religious asceticism with his London political and business activities can only (I imagine) be explained through spiritual discipline. But I, who had not then attained to any degree of discipline, was completely numbed mentally, physically and spiritually, through cold fog and lack of sleep. I was unable to profit by the privilege of pursuing the Mahatma on his early walk. I use the word 'pursue' deliberately, for gathering his Khaddar around him, the Mahatma set forth at such a speed that we had almost to run so as not to lose him in the fog. Behind us, panting and puffing, one heard the two unfortunate detectives whose duty it was to guard or to watch him.

Gandhi knew his way : it skirted a canal. He could have done that walk with his eyes shut. Even though one could not see the canal, one could hear the water as it poured through a mill. There was barely room for two abreast and Mirabai ^{together} pushed me forward : "This is your chance..." I remember vaguely that we talked religion, and he intimated that all those, who have a love of truth and sincerity, who have eliminated hatred and bitterness, have an affinity ^{between} the world over. But it is not really that Gandhi should speak to one in words. Merely to be in his environment raises one ^{आतावता} consciously on to a higher plane. There would be ^{अवस्था} much to gain from meditating in silence at his side.

I am able to say, in perfect truth, seven years afterwards, when emotion has faded and memory ^{disappears} is like a dream, that through knowing Gandhi something was changed in me. Life was just a ^{very} shade more worth living. Something which, for ^{want} of a better word we call inspiration, had ^{clearly} entered in. ^{325 49-31-31) - 1st 2nd 21/4/12}

—Clare Sheridan

EXPLANATIONS

Lenin—The great Russian revolutionary.

Churchill—The great statesman and war leader of England. He was never favourably disposed towards India and her problems.

Monsieur—The French equivalent to Mr.

The Aga Khan—Hereditary chief of the Khoja Muslim community.

Cubicle—small sleeping compartment.

COMPREHENSION

1. *What were the points of similarity between Gandhiji and Lenin?*
2. *What sort of visitors saw him in London ?*
- 1963 3. *Why was life more worth-living for the author after meeting Gandhiji ?*

APPRECIATION

This is a fine pen-portrait of Mahatma Gandhi. He had gone to England in connection with the Round Table Conference in London in 1931. Clare Sheridan, a cousin of Winston Churchill and a distinguished sculptoress volunteered to model his head. While busy at her work she had ample opportunities to observe Gandhiji closely. Here in this brief sketch you will learn something of the great man and his influence over her of which she speaks in her concluding sentence.

ASSIGNMENTS

Attempt a character sketch of :—

1. The Most Naughty Boy of your College.
2. Your most Remarkable Neighbour.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

My Experiments with Truth by Mahatma Gandhi.

THE CHARACTER-SKETCH

You are sometimes called upon to write about the most Popular Teacher, your School Captain, your most Intimate Friend. You will find that making such a character-sketch is rather difficult, as this form of composition tests your powers of observation, and exercises your descriptive ability and develop your judgment.

The most important thing while attempting such a character-sketch is *close and accurate observation*. Upon this will depend the success of your portrait. Hence before you attempt such a sketch, it is better that you should study the special features of the character of your friend, teacher of captain, whoever be the person you are going to describe. Note his mannerisms, if any, his good as well as his weak points.

Sometimes you are asked to make a character-sketch of some famous men and women of history, but it is always *better to begin* by describing only those people whom you know as a sketch based on your own direct observation, *than one based on books*.

The Character-sketch of Gandhiji by Clare Sheridan you have just studied, is a fine example of such a form of composition.

DIARY

1958

[Key-Question. What light does this diary throw
on the life of the poet William Wordsworth ?]

1800, May 18th, Sunday. Went to church, slight

Rain showers, a cold air. The mountains from the window look much greener, and I think the valley is more green than ever. The corn begins to show itself. The ^{ashes} are still bare. A little girl from

place Coniston came to beg. She had lain out all night. Her step-mother had turned her out of doors, her father could not stay at home "she flights so."

Walked to Ambleside in the evening round the lake. The prospect exceedingly beautiful from Laughrigg Fell. It was so green that no eye could weary

reposing upon it. The most beautiful situation for a home, is the field next to Mr. Benson's. I was overtaken by two Cumberland people who commented me upon my walking. They were going to sell cloth, and odd things which they make themselves, in Hawkshead, and the neighbourhood.

.... Letters from Coleridge and Cottle. John Fisher overtook me on the other side of Rydale.

He talked much about the alteration in the times and observed that in a short time there would be only two ranks of people, the very rich and the very poor, "for those who have small estates," says he "are forced to sell, and all the land goes into one hand." Did not reach home till ten o'clock.

बिना काम दिवस

Monday. Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, mended old clothes, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen. . . . Walked up into the Black Quarter. I sauntered a long time possible for a cottage, commanding two distinct views of the vale and of the lake, is among those rocks. The quietness and still seclusion of the valley affected me even to producing the deepest melancholy. I forced myself from it. The wind rose before I went to bed. 1..

Tuesday Morning. A fine mild rain. . . . Everything green and overflowing with life, and the streams making a perpetual song, with the thrushes and all little birds, not forgetting the stone-chats. The post was not come in. I walked as far as Windermere, and met him there.

August 31st, Sunday. A great deal of corn is tinged with a general autumnal yellow yet softened to impart softness to the forms of hills and mountains. At 11 o'clock Coleridge came, when I was walking in the still clear moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. Wm. has gone to bed, and John also, worn out with his ride round Coniston. We sat and chatted till half-past three. Coleridge reading a part of *Christabel*. Talked much about the mountains, etc.

September 1st, Monday Morning. We walked in the wood by the lake. W. read *Joanna*, and the *Firgrove*, to Coleridge. They bathed. The morning was delightful, with somewhat of an autumnal freshness. After dinner, Coleridge discovered a rock-seat in the orchard. Cleared away brambles.

Coleridge went to bed after tea. John and I followed Wm. up the hill, and then returned to go to Mr. Simpson's. We borrowed some bottles for bottling rum. The evening somewhat frosty and grey, but very pleasant. I broiled Coleridge's mutton chop, which he ate in bed. Wm. was gone to bed. I chatted with John and Coleridge till nearly

unskine *September 2nd, Tuesday.* In the morning they all went to Stickle Tarn. A very fine, warm sunny, beautiful morning.... The fair-day.... There seemed very few people and very few stalls, yet I believe there were many cakes and much beer sold. My brothers came home to dinner at 6 o'clock. We drank tea immediately after by candlelight. It was a lovely moonlight night. We talked much about a house on Helvellyn. The moonlight shone only upon the village. It did not eclipse the village lights, and the sound of dancing and merriment came along the still air. I walked with Coleridge and Wm. up the lane and by the church, and then lingered with Coleridge in the garden. John and Wm. were both gone to bed, and all the lights out. Churchyard..... Wm. and John came home at 10 O'clock.

October 2nd, Thursday. A very rainy morning. We walked after dinner to observe the torrents. I followed Wm. to Rydale. We afterwards went to Butterlip How. The black Quarter looked marshy, and the general prospect was cold, but the *force* was very grand. The lichens are now coming out afresh. I carried home a collection in the afternoon. We had a pleasant conversation about

eager

the manners of the rich; avarice, inordinate desires, and the effeminacy, unnaturalness, and unworthy objects of education. The moonlight lay upon the hills like snow.

October 3rd, Friday. Very rainy all the morning. Wm. walked to Ambleside after dinner. I went with him part of the way. He talked much about the object of his essay for the second volume of "L.B." Amos Cottle's death in the *Morning Post*.

October 4th, Saturday. A very rainy, or rather showery and gusty, morning; for often the sun shines. Thomas Ashburner, could not go to Keswick. Read a part of Lamb's Play. The language is often very beautiful, but too imitative in particular phrases, words, etc. The characters except Margaret, unintelligible, and, except Margaret's do not show themselves in action. Coleridge came in while we were at dinner, very wet. We talked till twelve o'clock. He had stayed up all the night before writing essays for the newspaper. Exceedingly delighted with the second part of *Christabel*.

October 5th, Sunday Morning. Coleridge read *Christabel* a second time; we had increasing pleasure. A delicious morning. Wm. and I were employed all the morning in writing an addition to the Preface. Wm. went to bed, very ill after working after dinner. Coleridge and I walked to Ambleside after dark with the letter. Returned to tea at 9 o'clock. Wm. still in bed, and very ill.

Monday. A rainy day. Coleridge intending to go, but did not go off. We walked after dinner to

Rydale. After tea read *The Pedlar*. Determined not to print *Christabel* with the L. B.

Tuesday. Coleridge went off at eleven o'clock. I went as far as Mr. Simpson's. Returned with Mary.

1802, *March, Tuesday*. William went up into the orchard, and wrote a part of *The Emigrant Mother*. After dinner I read him to sleep. I read Spenser. We walked to look at Rydale. The moon was good height above the mountains. She seemed distant in the sky. There were two stars beside her, that twinkled in and out, and seemed almost like butterflies in motion and lightness. They looked to be far nearer to us than the moon.

Wednesday. William went up into the orchard and finished the poem. I went and stayed with William and walked backwards and forwards in the orchard till dinner time. He read me his poem. I read it to him, and my Beloved slept. A sweet evening as if it had been a sweet day, and walked quietly along the side of Rydale lake with quiet thoughts—the hills and the lake were still—the owls had not begun to hoot, and the little birds had given over singing. I looked before me and saw a red light upon Silver-vein. How as if coming out of the vale below,

There was a light of most strange birth
A light that came out of the earth,
And spread along the dark hill-side.

Thus I was going on when I saw the shape of my Beloved in the road at a little distance. We turned back to see the light but it was fading—almost gone. The owls hooted when we sat on the wall at the foot of White Moss; the sky broke more and more

and we saw the moon now and then. John Gill passed us with his cart; we sate on. When we came in sight of our own dear Grasmere, the vale looked fair and quiet in the moonshine, the church was there and all the cottages. There were huge slow-travelling clouds in the sky, that threw large masses of shade upon some of the mountains. We walked backwards and forwards, between home and Olliff's, till I was tired. William kindled, and began to write the poem. We carried cloaks into the orchard, and sate a while there. I fust him, and he nearly finished the poem. I was tired to death, and went to bed. A sailor begged here to-day, going to Glasgow. He spoke cheerfully in a sweet tone. *John*

Thursday. Rydale vale was full of life and motion. The wind blew briskly, and the lake was *Briskly* covered all over with bright silver waves, that were there each the twinkling of an eye; then others rose up and took their place as fast as they went away. The rocks glittered in the sun-shine. The ~~water~~ *clear* crows and the ravens were busy, and thrushes and little birds sang. There was something in the air that compelled me to various thoughts—the hills were large, closed in by the sky. Night was come on, and the moon was overcast. [But, as I climbed the moss, the moon came out from behind a mountain mass of black clouds. Oh, the unutterable darkness of the sky, and the earth below the moon, and the glorious brightness of the moon itself! There was a vivid sparkling *clear* streak of light at this end of Rydale water, but the rest was very dark, and Loughrigg Fell and

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Silver How were white and bright as if they were covered with hoar frost. The moon retired again and appeared and disappeared several times before I reached home. Once there was no moonlight to be seen but upon the island-house and the promontory of the island where it stands. "What needs must be a holy place," etc. I had many very exquisite feelings and when I saw this lowly Building in the waters, among the dark and lofty hills, with the bright, soft light upon it, it made me more than half a poet.

—Dorothy Wordsworth

EXPLANATIONS

Ambleside, Rydale, Loughrigg Fell, Helvellyn, Black Quarter—all these refer to places in the lake District (Cumberland and Westmoreland) where the Romantic poets—Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey lived. They in course of time, came to be styled as the Lake Poets.

Wordsworth—(1770-1850) is one of the greatest of English poets. He is essentially a poet of Nature and his finest work includes *Ode to Duty*, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, *Tintern Abbey* and *The Prelude*.

Coleridge—(1772-1834) another of the lake poets, was the author of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Table Talk*, *Biographia Literaria* with intellectual gifts of very high

order. He collaborated with Wordsworth in producing the *L. B.*

COMPREHENSION

1. *What picture do you form by a perusal of the diary of the natural views of the Lake District ?*
2. *What idea do you form of the Wordsworth household ?*

APPRECIATION

Few diaries offer more delightful reading than that of Dorothy Wordsworth (1771-1855) the only sister of William Wordsworth, the poet. She was the constant companion and inspiration of Wordsworth and Coleridge during the golden era of their collaboration on Lyrical Ballads. Her *Letters and Journals* not only throw considerable light on the life and times of the Lake Poets but as aids to the study of their poetry are of inestimable value. Besides they are well-written works of art. The extract included here reveals the simple ways and plain homely living of the Wordsworth household. Every page is a record of her keen observation of men and things and reflects her delight in the mountains and lakes, flowers and trees.

ASSIGNMENTS

Try to recollect and make a record of *events* that took place, and of interesting *people* you came across in the recent past.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

Diaries by Samuel Pepys and Fanny Burney.

KEEPING A DIARY

One of the ways of expressing our thought is in di form. 'The world is a beautiful place and if we keep eyes open we shall see things on every side that are fr and new and of wonderful interest.' We can leave out ordinary things that happen everyday. We should only include the landmarks—such as our first day at school, first visit to the cinema, or the day we suddenly found could swim or ride a bicycle, the first railway journey, people who made a lasting impression on our mind. These are the things that make our Diary worth-keeping and worth reading again in later years.

Such a Diary is, however, written in one's own mother tongue. But if you want to learn English some of you are advised sometimes to keep your Diary in English. Here you can enjoy greater freedom.

THE GREEN CARAVAN-SERA

[Key-Question. *Why did Stevenson like sleeping out of doors ?*]

From Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozere. An ill-marked stony drove-road guided me forward; and I met nearly half-a-dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water tap. In a more sacred or sequestered bower . . . nor nymph nor faunas haunted. The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade : there was no outlook, except north-eastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight up-ward to the sky ; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and so soon as the sun went down I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

[Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature.] What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked

between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afieid. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outward world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hill-sides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night. . . .

When that hour came to me among the pines I awakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silver vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black firpoints stood as upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round at the length of her teacher; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indiscrivable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey

behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind more like a moving coolness than stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasserades and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more, independent of material aids. [The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists; at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack.] I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent, and not moving, but ever within touch. (For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

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As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dog at some distant farm ; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of goodwill than grace in his performance ; but he trolled with ample lungs ; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities ; some of them sang ; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the ^{more} rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double : first, this glad passenger lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night ; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pinewoods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.]

[**Key-Question.** *How did Stevenson thank for his night's lodging ?*]

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September) many of the stars had disappeared ; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead, and away towards the east I saw a faint haze

of light upon the horizon, such as I had seen the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water-chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine, along the edge of the hill, rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes later, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravan-serai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, not yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in someone's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.]

—R. L. Stevenson.

(FROM TRAVELS *with* A DONKEY)

EXPLANATION

Bleymard—a village in South France.

Lozere—a mountzin in France.

Sequestered—secluded.

Modestine—name of the donkey.

In a more sacred.....haunted—Quotation from Milton's great poem, *Paradise Lost*.

COMPREHENSION

1. Why did Stevenson feel as if he was in a private room?
2. What difference did Stevenson notice between sleeping out of doors and sleeping in the inn?
3. How and why did he pay for his night's lodging?

APPRECIATION

Stevenson's style is one of the most picturesque. He cultivated it with great pains. One can feel his love of Nature and the open air, his sympathy and humanity in every line. The piece is taken from his book *Travels with a Donkey* which records the experiences of his walking tour through France. Besides some delightful essays, he has written some novels and charming verses for children.

ASSIGNMENT

After the manner of Stevenson, write an essay on a trip, real or imaginary, on foot or by boat. Proceed in the way suggested in the instructions that follow.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

Treasure Island—Stevenson. *Kidnapped*—Stevenson.

THE ESSAY

In working through this book you have had a great deal of practice in various forms of written composition. In this lesson we are going to study about *Essay-writing*.

An essay is an *attempt* at correct writing. When you write an essay you are attempting to express your thoughts on a given subject in correct language.

Like the story or piece of descriptive or narrative composition—the *Essay*, which differs from a description or a narration only in that it is more personal and must have a *good opening*. (1) It should begin with a *key-sentence*. (2) *The body* of the essay should be divided into paragraphs each containing one main idea. (3) Let the *conclusion*, like the beginning, be interesting and natural.

HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY

Think out and fix upon some points. Arrange the points in their proper order. Begin with a *good opening*. Write a short paragraph on each point. Let the paragraphs lead to the *chief point*. Close with a forceful summarising sentence. *Revise carefully.*

A REPLY TO TAGORE

[**Key-Question.** *How does Gandhiji plead for Non-Co-operation ?*]

The Poet of Asia, as Lord Hardinge called Dr. Tagore, is fast becoming, if he has not already become, the Poet of the world. Increasing prestige has brought to him increasing responsibility. His greatest service to India must be his poetic interpretation of India's message to the world. The Poet is therefore sincerely anxious that India should deliver no false or feeble message in her name. He is naturally jealous of his country's reputation. He says he has striven hard to find himself in tune with the present movement. He confesses that he is baffled. He can find nothing for his lyre in the din and the bustle of Non-co-operation. In three forceful letters, he has endeavoured to give expression to his misgivings, and he has come to the conclusion that non-co-operation is not dignified enough for the India of his vision, that it is a doctrine of negation and despair. He fears that it is a doctrine of separation, exclusiveness, narrowness and negation. *worklessness*

No Indian can feel anything but pride in the Poet's exquisite jealousy of India's honour. It is good that he should have sent to us his misgivings in language at once beautiful and clear.

In all humility, I shall endeavour to answer the Poet's doubts. I may fail to convince him or the *suspicion* *unsuccessful*

reader who may have been touched by his eloquence but I would like to assure him and India that Non-co-operation in conception is not any of the things he fears, and he need have no cause to be ashamed of his country for having adopted Non-co-operation. If, in actual application, it appears in the end to have failed, it will be no more the fault of the doctrine, than it would be of Truth, if those who claim to apply it in practice do not appear to succeed. Non-co-operation may have come in advance of its time. India and the world must then wait, but there is no choice for India save between violence and non-co-operation.

Nor need the Poet fear that Non-co-operation is intended to erect a Chinese wall between India and the West. On the contrary, Non-co-operation is intended to pave the way to real, honourable and voluntary co-operation based on mutual respect and trust. The present struggle is being waged against compulsory co-operation, against one-sided combination, against the armed imposition of modern methods of exploitation masquerading under the name of civilization.

Non-co-operation is a protest against an unwitting and unwilling participation in evil.

The Poet's concern is largely about the students. He is of opinion that they should not have been called upon to give up Government schools before they had other schools to go to. Here I must differ from him. I have never been able to make a fetish of literary training. My experience has proved to my satisfaction that literary training

by itself adds not an inch to one's moral height and that character-building is independent of literary training. I am firmly of opinion that the Government schools have unmanned us, rendered us helpless and Godless. They have filled us with discontent, and providing no remedy for the discontent, have made us despondent. They have made us what we were intended to become—clerks and interpreters. A government builds its prestige upon the apparently voluntary association of the governed. And if it was wrong to co-operate with the Government in keeping us slaves, we were bound to begin with those institutions in which our association appeared to be most voluntary. The youth of a nation are its hope. I hold that, as soon as we discovered that the system of government was wholly, or mainly evil, it became sinful for us to associate our children with it.

It is no argument against the soundness of the proposition laid down by me that the vast majority of the students went back after the first flush of enthusiasm. Their recantation is proof rather of the extent of our degradation than of the wrongness of the step. Experience has shown that the establishment of national schools has not resulted in drawing many more students. The strongest and the truest of them came out without any national schools to fall back upon, and I am convinced that these first withdrawals are rendering service of the highest order.

But the Poet's protest against the calling out of the boys is really a corollary to his objection to the

very doctrine of Non-co-operation. He has a horror of everything negative. His whole soul seems to rebel against the negative commandments of religion. I must give his objection in his own inimitable language. R. in support of the present movement has often said to me that passion for rejection is a stronger power in the beginning than the acceptance of an ideal. Though I know it to be a fact, I cannot take it as a truth. 'Brahma-vidya in India has for its object Mukti (emancipation), while Buddhism has Nirvana (extinction). Mukti draws our attention to the positive and Nirvana to the negative side of truth. Therefore, Buddha emphasized the fact of dukkha (misery) which had to be avoided and the Brahma-vidya emphasized the fact of Ananda (joy) which had to be attained.' In these and kindred passages, the reader will find the key to the poet's mentality. (In Tender my humble opinion, rejection is as much an ideal as the acceptance of a thing. It is as necessary to reject untruth as it is to accept truth. All religions teach that two opposite forces act upon us and that the human endeavour consists in a series of eternal rejections and acceptances.) Non-co-operation with evil is as much a duty as co-operation with good. I venture to suggest that the Poet has done an unconscious injustice to Buddhism in describing Nirvana as merely a negative state. I make bold to say that Mukti (emancipation) is as much a negative state as Nirvana. Emancipation from or extinction of the bondage of the flesh leads to Ananda (eternal bliss.)

EXPLANATIONS

Lord Hardinge—Viceroy and Governor General of India from 1910-1916.

masquerading—Appearing in disguise.

recantation—withdraw or disavow opinion.

COMPREHENSION

1. *Why did Tagore object to Non-co-operation ?*
2. *What, according to Gandhiji was Tagore's greatest service to India?*
3. *How does Gandhiji support his own case ?*

APPRECIATION

Notice how ably Gandhiji refutes the Poet's arguments and allays his fears. All through he tries to be fair, tolerant and persuasive. He is never disrespectful—there is nowhere the slightest attempt at abuse. He states his case with justness, moderation and clarity and tries to convert the Poet to his point of view. He did convert the Poet who became one of his greatest admirers.

ASSIGNMENT

1. Summarize Gandhiji's argument in favour of Non-co-operation.
2. Attempt to establish a case for Nationalization of Industries in India.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

Speeches and writings of Gandhiji—Nava Jivan Trust.

Nationalism—Tagore's Madan Mohan Malaviya—Nationalism—Tagore's Madan Mohan Malaviya

ARGUMENT

'The object of argument is to induce other people to think as we do, on the particular matter under discussion.' We should try to convince other people that our views are right and their views are wrong.

At the very outset make it clear what it is that you are trying to prove. It is sometimes found, after a long and bitter argument, that there is no real point of difference between them.

Do not indulge in personal abuse or ridicule. *Abuse is no argument.* In fact it indicates a weak case. Be tactful and try to show that you hold the highest opinion of your opponent's intellect. Otherwise this will at once put him in a bad frame of mind and your chance of success will be remote. *Yours should be the method of persuasion.*

Do not be unbending in your attitude. Yield whenever you find it wise to do so. You will find later on, this will help you to get your point.

Be tolerant, courteous and fair. Only thus you are more likely to convert, if at all, other people to your point of view.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE

The Control of Employment Bill

[**Key-Question.** *What was the necessity of controlling employment ?*]

5th Sept., 1939.

The Minister of Labour (Mr. Ernest Brown):
I beg to move,

“That leave be given to bring in a Bill to confer on the Minister of Labour powers with respect to the control of employment during the present emergency ; and for purposes connected with the matter aforesaid.”

Before I explain this most important Measure I must make crystal clear, if I can, what it does not do. It does not require a worker to leave employment with which he is content. It does not require a worker to accept employment with a particular employer. There is no question of any pressure being put upon a worker to remain in work which he wishes to leave. Finally, where consent to engagement or re-engagement is refused, the position will be that the worker, if unemployed, will be offered alternative employments in his or her own occupation.

The Bill has, as its main object, to secure that the man and woman power of the land is used to the best advantage, that in cases where there is a shortage of essential labour and the work for which these workers are wanted is of vital importance, any labour and knowledge not engaged at the

moment shall be directed to the employment most useful to the nation in this struggle. The processes of the Bill are devised so that personnel may be guided as to the employments which are the most vital. The Bill affects, first, the advertising of vacancies by employers and, second, new engagements of labour. In both cases the Bill gives power to the Minister to make orders specifying to what classes of employers and workers the requirements are to apply. We have been in consultation with Trades Union Congress General Council and the British Employers' Federation, and they accept the principle of the Bill on the understanding that they will be consulted on any orders to be made, and that there will be no undue interference with the arrangements now existing between employers and Trade Unions in regard to the engagement and employment of work-people. I wish also to make it clear that it is not expected to use these powers widely in the early days ; they will be used at first in the case of limited classes of occupations affecting skilled personnel in those vital industries where there may be a very special demand for them.

The House will recognise that this Measure is not only necessary on the productive side of our national effort, but is in the interests, as the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and the Federation of Employers are agreed, of the harmonious working of industry in which the Government, the trades unions, and organised employers will all play their part in securing victory for our cause. I would like to add that when the industrial

history of the last four years comes to be written, the story of the organisation, production, and delivery of national industrial supplies will reveal a wonderful effort on the part of all concerned—the man at the bench as well as employers, technicians and managers.

MR. GRENFELL: In these recent days when Parliamentary discussion has been so much curtailed, the minister has rightly taken more than the usual time to call attention to the main principles in this Bill. The title of the Bill is not very reassuring. There is a good deal of distrust whenever it is suggested that employment should be controlled. We speak on this side of the House with a full knowledge of the effect that its passage may have on the mass of the people of this country. I should not have been prepared to accept the Bill without a definite assurance that those who are responsible for watching over the conditions of labour and employment in this country have been fully consulted and that they have gone so far as to give approval to the principles of the Bill.

The minister has rightly said that the task in which we are all engaged will depend more than ever before upon satisfaction of the claims of the work-people, and that there is evidence that they are not being ignored when the task of national organisation is being undertaken. Of the men who are wearing uniform and will be called upon to fight, we are exceedingly proud. But the courage and devotion to duty of the men who are wearing uniform, whether at home or abroad, will

be of no avail in the struggle if a dozen or a score of people are not available to supply every fighting man with what is necessary. For every fighting man there will have to be 12 or 15 producing munitions and food, and carrying on essential national services. Unless that overwhelming majority during the period of emergency are kept contented we shall not get that service, which will mean success to us in the end.

I speak as one who has been a workman, and has been engaged in the struggle, not against a foreign country but against people who dissented from the proper assessment of our claims. I have even fought against my own neighbours in order that the workers might be assured of proper working and living conditions. I have always had and still have a very grim suspicion of any plan for the regimentations, militarisation or conscription of labour. I do not believe that this Bill proposes anything of that kind. If it did, I would not stand here to support it. We must be prepared to consider what steps are necessary in the emergency.

[Key-Question. *What were the objections to the Bill ?*]

MR. MARKHAM :—I think all hon. Members will agree that in normal times there is not a Member of the House who would have had anything but the greatest antagonism towards such a Bill. It is a terrible Bill. It is a Bill that absolutely restricts the freedom of a man to offer his labour where he wants.

MR. E. SMITH : Only certain men.

MR. MARKHAM : It can be applied to all industries. (Under the Bill, we are giving the Minister more power in some ways than any Fascist or Nazi Minister of Labour has in any totalitarian country.) While one has to face the fact in certain war conditions there might be a Minister of Labour who was unsympathetic in the sense that he would not willingly listen to suggestions that were made outside the scope of the Act. We might then see an entire abolition of industrial freedom as we know it, a restriction so severe that it would be bound to one particular job for the whole of the emergency.

MR. BROWN : I think the hon. Member is entirely misinterpreting the Bill. This Bill will not prevent any man from changing his employment ; it will not compel him to take any particular job. The hon. Member is making assertions which, however sincere he may be, show that he has a false impression of what the Bill does.

MR. KIRKWOOD : I hope the Minister will take back this Bill as it stands. We had a bitter experience of this in the last War and it was because of words in the Defence of the Realm Act then that all the trouble was caused in the engineering industry. Then the Government had the power which the Minister desires to have under this Bill and the workman was denied the right to leave one employer and go to another. Immediately that became the law of the land there was aroused, particularly on the Clyde, the desire to have that idea overthrown. I pointed out to the then

Minister for Munitions, the right hon. Gentleman the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs (Mr. Lloyd George), that I had no desire to leave my employer up to that moment. But it was a different thing when I was denied the right of a free-born Briton to sell my labour, the only thing I possessed, to whatever employer I chose. The same thing took place in practically every big establishment on the Clyde. All the key men, men who had practically been reared in the different factories in which they worked, men like the hon. Member for West Fife (Mr. Gallacher), felt that desire. I pointed out to the right hon. Gentleman the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs on behalf of the men of the Clyde, that that Act appeared to brand on my brow a letter "B" just as effectively as if I had been a slave of Beardmore's.

MR. E. BROWN : The hon. Member realises how much I know about his feelings on that matter, but this Bill is drawn in precisely the opposite way. There is nothing in the Bill which will prevent any man going to another employer.

MR. GALLACHER : But the other employer cannot take him.

MR. KIRKWOOD : It is stated distinctly : "after the said date such employer shall not engage or re-engage any such employee."

We are not raising this matter merely in order to embarrass the Government. The very opposite is the case. No one has been more fortunate than the right hon. Gentleman who is in charge of the Bill. Our union has met him in every way. There

is, at the moment, a spirit abroad in our industry that never was in Britain before. We are all backing that spirit. We are all out to crush Nazism in no uncertain fashion. It is because of that I rise here to-night. It is in order that we may keep that spirit. It is all right that there should be the fraternisation which is going on in this House, but the workers in the workshops are still the workers. They had a bitter experience in the last War. We had some of the ablest men in our movement in this House—outstanding men who carried the country with them, in safeguarding our rights.

Those safeguards were not worth anything after we had surrendered and given up all our rights.

It is because of that bitter experience, and not in any way to trouble the Government, that we are suspicious.

(I may be wrong, but I am utterly suspicious of the ruling class. It is in the marrow of my bones, because my class, right down the ages, have been treated in a manner in which I do not desire to see them treated in my time.) I am hoping that, instead of harsher conditions or any division happening, we are getting nearer and nearer to a unified country, as there is at the moment. I have been spending the week-end in good understanding with employers who formerly had not a very good understanding. It is because I desire to keep that understanding and have given pledges to the workers, who are watching us to see that we do not let them down, I oppose this Bill.

MR. E. SMITH : During the last day or two I have taken steps to ascertain over as wide an area as possible, the views of the people of this country with regard to the present situation. I find that there is a great spirit among our people with regard to it. In this House we have reflected that spirit, and the maximum amount of goodwill has been shown in the Debates which have taken place uptil now. The minimum number of words has been used. On this matter I would be lacking in my duty to the men I represent and with whom I have been proud to be associated since my boyhood days, if I did not associate myself with the observations made by my hon. Friend the Member for Dumbarton Burghs (Mr. Kirkwood).

The right hon. Gentleman, the Member afor Epping, will remember only too well what happened when he introduced the leaving certificates during the last War. They were responsible more than anything else for retarding production during that period, and within a few days the right hon. Gentleman came to the House with Lord Addison, and those leaving certificates were withdrawn. The result was that all the friction was eliminated, goodwill was restored and production went up immediately.

MR. GALLACHER : I wish to impress on the Minister the necessity of withdrawing this Bill. In the first place, I would endorse all that has been said by my hon. Friend the Member for Dumbarton Burghs (Mr. Kirkwood) as to his experience, and mine and that of many others, during the last War. The most important factor in securing the

speediest possible defeat of the Nazi aggressors will be the sustained unity of the working-class people of this country. The one thing that may injure that unity which is so essential for victory is the slightest suspicion that Nazism itself is being introduced. This may not be industrial conscription but it is a very thick chunk of the thin edge. The Minister says that a man can leave his job if he is discontent. Of course he can, but he cannot get another. He cannot go to another employer. That other employer cannot engage him.

There has been, according to the Minister, the most remarkable co-ordination between employers, managements, trade union leaders, technicians and workers. If that is the case, where is the need for such a very dangerous expedient? Someone says we require organisation, but we have organisation. The trade union organisation is quite capable of relating the needs of particular industries. All the Minister has to do, is to go to a particular trade Union, the engineers' or any other, and make it clear that skilled workers are required to be taken from one place towards another. The Engineers' union will do that and the Transport Workers' Union will do it. It is not a question of organisation. Here is a question of inquisition; a very dangerous thing in the present situation. So I would earnestly appeal to the Minister to withdraw the Bill.

EXPLANATIONS

dissent—Differ.

emergency—Crisis.

COMPREHENSION

1. *Why did the Bill seek to control employment?*
2. *On what grounds did the Opposition criticize the Bill?*

APPRECIATION

It is doubtful if any legislature in a democracy has such a high order of parliamentary debates as that of the House of Commons in Great Britain. Though uproarious scenes are not rare, yet the debates (as the extract reproduced here will show) are generally conducted in a decent manner and reveal, besides brilliant eloquence and persuasive argument, a deep sense of public duty and national solidarity in case of emergency as well as respect and toleration for the views of the Opposition. The report of the debate is also intended to acquaint the student with parliamentary procedure of the House of Commons on which our own has, to a large extent, been modelled.

The bill was introduced at the outbreak of the World War II in September, 1939.

ASSIGNMENT

Make a case for and against the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

Hand Book for Literary and Debating Societies by L. M. Gibson—Hodder and Stoughton.

CLASS DEBATE

You will find there are few forms of work in English more enjoyable than a *Debate*. It not only develops mental alertness but contributes a great deal to facility of expression. But a debate must be conducted according to certain definite rules which we shall now briefly explain.

THE SUBJECT

The class should choose its own subject.

RESOLUTION

The subject for debate must be put in the form of a Resolution ; as, *This meeting considers that Caste System should be abolished.*

OPENER AND OPPOSER

Next an opener and an opposer should be chosen, the opener to open or begin the debate, and the opposer to reply and state the opposite points of view.

CHAIRMAN AND GENERAL PROCEDURE

The conduct of the meeting is in charge of a *Chairman*—in this case, of course, the Teacher of English. All remarks must be addressed to the *Chair*. The supporters of the opener and the opposer take it in turns to speak, each speaking only once and beginning, as 'Mr. Chairman, I rise to support the Resolution' or 'I rise to oppose the Resolution' as the case may be. After every one has spoken, the opener winds up the debate by replying to the various points raised in the course of the debate. Finally the resolution is put to the vote and either carried or rejected according to the voting.

THE JOURNEY'S END

[Key-Question. *Why should we grieve at the death of Mahatma Gandhi ?*]

[The last Journey has ended. The final pilgrimage has been made. For over fifty years Mahatma Gandhi wandered about all over our great country, from the Himalayas and North Western Frontier and the Brahmaputra in the North East to Kanya Kumari (Cape Comorin) in the far South. He visited every part and corner of this country, not as a mere tourist or visitor for the sake of amusement, but in order to understand and serve the Indian People. Perhaps no other Indian in history has travelled about so much in India or got to know the common people so well and served them so abundantly. And now his journey in this world is over, though we have still to continue for a while.] Many people are moved to grief, and this is proper and natural. But why should we grieve ? Do we grieve for him or for something else ? In his life as in his death there has been a radiance which will illumine our country for ages to come. Why then should we grieve for him ? Let us grieve rather for ourselves, for our own weakness, for the ill-will in our hearts, for our dissensions and for our conflicts. Remember that it was to remove all these that Mahatmaji gave his life.

Let us, standing here on the banks of the Ganges, search our own hearts and ask ourselves

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 the question : How far have we followed the path shown to us by Gandhiji and how far have we tried to live in peace and co-operation with others ? If even now we follow the right path, it will be well with us and well with our country.

Our country gave birth to a mighty one and he shone like a beacon not only for India but for the whole world. And yet he was done to death by one of our own brothers and compatriots. How did this happen ? You might think that it was an act of madness, but that does not explain this tragedy. It could only occur because the seed for it was sown in the poison of hatred and enmity that spread throughout the country and affected so many of our people. Out of that seed grew this poisonous plant. It is the duty of all of us to fight this poison of hatred and ill-will.

Our pillar of strength is no more. But why do we say that ? His image is enshrined in the hearts of the million men and women who are present here today, and hundreds of millions of our countrymen, who are not present here, will also never forget him. Future generations of our people, who have not seen him or heard him, will also have that image in their hearts because that image is now a part of India's inheritance and history.

Gandhiji used to observe silence for one day in every week. Now that voice is silenced for ever and there is unending silence. And yet that voice resounds in our ears and in our hearts, and it will resound in the minds and hearts of our people and even beyond the borders of India, in the long ages

to come. For that voice is the voice of truth, and though truth may occasionally be suppressed, it can never be put down. [Violence for him was the opposite of truth and therefore he preached to us against violence not only of the hand but of the mind and heart. (The path of violence is perilous and freedom seldom exists for long where there is violence. Our talk of Swarajya and the people's freedom is meaningless if we have internal violence and conflict.) Disagreement

You and I, all of us will go back from these sands of our noble river, the Ganges. We shall feel sad and lonely. We shall never see Gandhiji again. We used to run to him for advice and guidance whenever we were confronted with any great problem or when we felt ill at ease or in doubt. There is none to advise us now or to share our burdens. It is not I alone or a few of us who looked up to him for help. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of our countrymen considered him as their intimate friend and counsellor. All of us felt as if we were his children. Rightly he was called the Father of our Nation and in millions of homes to-day there is mourning as on the passing away of a beloved father.

We shall go away from this river bank sad and lonely. But we shall also think with pride of the high and unique privilege that has been ours to have had for our chief and leader and friend this mighty person, who carried us to great heights on the way to freedom and truth. And the way of struggle that he taught us was also the way of truth. Remember also that the path he showed us

was one of fighting for the good and against evil and not the way of sitting quietly on the peaks of the Himalayas. [And so we have to fight on, and not to seek escape or rest. We have to do our duty and fulfil the pledges we have given him. Let us tread the path of Truth and Dharma.] Let us make India a great country in which goodwill and harmony prevail and every man and woman, irrespective of faith and belief, can live in dignity and freedom.

We all belong to Mother India and have to live and die here. (We all are equal partners in the freedom that we have won. Everyone of our three or four hundred million people must have an equal right to the opportunities and blessings that free India has to offer.) It was not a few privileged persons that Gandhiji strove and died for. We have to strive for the same ideal and in the same way. Then only shall we be worthy to say: "MAHATMA GANDHI KI JAI!"

EXPLANATIONS

immerse—dip, plunge.

pledge—vow.

beacon—signal-fire on hill or tower, light-house. Here, guiding light.

dissension—disunion.

done to death—killed.

COMPREHENSION

1. Who shone like a beacon-light for the whole world?
2. When shall we be worthy to say: 'Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai'?

APPRECIATION

After the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi his ashes were immersed into the confluence of the Ganga and Yamuna at Allahabad. Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru addressed a vast gathering of people from the fullness of heart. In pathos, and in its moving appeal, it ranks with the most famous orations of history. We are reminded of Mark Antony's Funeral oration after the murder of Julius Caesar.

ASSIGNMENT

Try to reproduce the speech as far as possible in the manner of Nehru.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

1. *Speeches and Addresses of Nehru.*
2. *Presidential Addresses of the Congress Presidents—Natesan.*

SPEECH

Though instructions in delivering a speech are outside the scope and purpose of the book, yet we think some hints on speech-making will not be here amiss. Ordinarily a student will not be called upon to speak in English or in a foreign tongue. Yet with the attainment of Freedom, a considerable number of people will be required to take part in the deliberations in the Councils of Nations as representatives of our Diplomatic service or as ambassadors of India's goodwill and international brotherhood. And English has come to be recognised as the 'Lingua Franca' of the world, and ambitious young men will do well to cultivate ability in addressing an audience in English.

Here are some hints for your guidance.

PREPARATION

Unless you are required to make an extempore speech, that is, speaking off-hand, without previous notice or preparation, it is always advisable to prepare before-hand even if you are well-versed in the subject.

1. Consult books, newspapers, reference books for necessary information. This will make your speech effective.

2. Take notes. Gather information from persons who are better acquainted with the subject. Write out the speech if possible.

THE PLAN

Put the notes in their proper sequence. Classify and group them according to your purpose. Try to remember them. But excessive memorising destroys originality.

Rehearse the speech in a quiet place silently or aloud.

THE DELIVERY

Opening and closing—Make an impressive opening. Then proceed with ease and naturally. End your speech with an effective close.

W. W. Jacobs
THE MONKEY'S PAW

A STORY

Dramatized by
LOUIS N. PARKER

Copyright 1910, by Samuel French

Produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London
 on 6 October 1902

With the following cast :

MR. WHITE

Mr. Cyril Maude

MRS. WHITE

Miss Lena Ashwell

HERBERT

Mr. Wilfred Forster

SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS

Mr. Sidney Valentine

MR. SAMPSON

Mr. Rudge Harding

Story in 1963

THE MONKEY'S PAW

Scene: *The living-room of an old-fashioned cottage on the out-skirts of Fulham. Set corner-wise in the left angle at the back a deep window; further front, L. three or four steps lead up to a door. Further forward a dresser, with plates, glasses etc. R C at back an alcove with the street door fully visible. On the right a cupboard, then a fireplace. In the centre a round table. Against the wall, L, back, an old-fashioned piano. A comfortable armchair each side of the fire-place. Other chairs. On the mantel-piece a clock, old china figures, etc. An air of comfort pervades the room.*

I

At the rise of the curtain, Mrs. White, a pleasant-looking old woman, is seated in the armchair below the fire, attending to kettle which is steaming on the fire, and keeping a laughing eye on Mr. White and Herbert. These two are seated at the right angle of the table nearest the fire with a chess-board between them. Mr. White is evidently losing. His hair is ruffled; his spectacles are high up on his forehead. Herbert, a fine young fellow, is looking with satisfaction at the move he has just made. Mr. White makes several attempts to move, but thinks better of them. There is a shaded lamp on the table. The door is tightly shut. The curtains of the window are drawn; but every now and then the wind is heard whistling outside.

MR. WHITE *[moving at last, and triumphant]*

There, Herbert, my boy! Got you, I think.

HERBERT : Oh, you're a deep'un, dad, aren't you ?

MRS. WHITE : Mean to say he's beaten you at last ?

HERBERT : Lor, no ? Why, he's overlooked—

MR. WHITE [*very excited*] : I see it ! Lemme have that back !

HERBERT : Not much. Rules of the game !

MR. WHITE [*disgusted*] I don't hold with them scientific rules. You turn what ought to be an innocent relaxation—

MRS. WHITE : Don't talk so much, father. You put him off—

HERBERT [*laughing*] Not he !

MR. WHITE [*trying to distract his attention*] Hark at the wind.

HERBERT [*drily*] Ah ! I'm listening. Check.

MR. WHITE [*still trying to distract him*] I should hardly think Sergeant-Major Morris'd come to-night.

HERBERT : Mate. [*rises, goes up L.*]

MR. WHITE [*with an outbreak of disgust and sweeping the chessmen off the board*] That's the worst of living so far out. Your friends can't come for a quiet chat, and you addle your brains over a confounded—

HERBERT : Now, father ! Morris'll turn up all right.

MR. WHITE [*still in a temper*] Lover's Lane, Fulham ! Ho ! of all the beastly, slushy, out-o'-the-way places to live in—! Pathway's a bog, and the road's a torrent. [*To Mrs. White who has risen and is at his side*] What's the Country Council thinking of, that's what I want to know ? Because this is the only house in the

road it doesn't matter if no body can get near it, I s'pose.

MRS. WHITE : Never mind, dear. Perhaps you'll win tomorrow. [*She moves to back of table.*]

MR. WHITE : Perhaps I'll, perhaps I'll ! What'd you mean ? [*bursts out laughing.*] There ! you always know what's going on inside o' me, don't you, mother ?

MRS. WHITE : Ought to, after thirty years, John.

[*She goes to dresser and busies herself wiping tumblers on tray there.*]

[*He rises, goes to fireplace and lights pipe.*]

HERBERT. [*down C*] And it's not such a bad place, dad, after all. One of the few old-fashioned houses left near London. None o' your stucco villas. Homelike, I call it. And so do you, or you wouldn't ha' bought it. [*Rolls a cigarette.*]

MR. WHITE [*R. glowing*] Nice job I made o' that, too ! With two hundred pounds owin' on it.

HERBERT [*on back of Chair, C*] Why, I shall work that off in no time, dad. Matter o' three years, with the rise promised me.

MR. WHITE : If you don't get married.

HERBERT : Not me. Not that sort.

MRS. WHITE : I wish you would, Herbert. A good, steady lad—

[*She brings the tray with a bottle of whisky, glasses, a lemon, spoons, buns, and a knife to the table.*]

HERBERT : Lots o' time, mother. Sufficient for the day-as the sayin' goes. Just now my dynamos don't leave me any time for love-making. Jealous they are, I tell you !

MR. WHITE [*chuckling*] I lay awake o' night often, and think : if Herbert took a nap, and let his what—d' you-call-ums-dynamos, run down, all Fulham would be in darkness. Lord ! what a joke ! [*Gets R. c.*]

HERBERT : Joke ! And me with the sack ! Pretty idea of a joke you've got, I don't think.

[*Knock at outer door.*]

MRS. WHITE : Hark ! [*Knock repeated, louder.*]

MR. WHITE [*going towards door*] That's him. That's the Sergeant-Major. [*He unlocks door, back.*]

HERBERT [*removes chess-board*] Wonder what yarn he's got for us to-night. [*Places chess-board on piano.*]

MRS. WHITE [*goes up R, busies herself putting the other armchair nearer fire, etc.*] Don't let the door slam, John !

[*Mr. White opens the door a little, struggling with it. Wind. Sergeant-Major Morris, a veteran with a distinct military appearance—left arm gone—dressed as a commissionaire, is seen to enter. Mr. White helps him off with his coat, which he hangs up in the outer hall.*]

MR. WHITE [*at the door*] Slip in quick ! It's as much as I can do to hold it against the wind.

SERGEANT : Awful ! Awful ! [*Busy taking off his cloak, etc.*] And a mile up the road—by the cemetery it's worse. Enough to blow the hair off your head.

MR. WHITE : Give me your stick.

SERGEANT : If 'twasn't I knew what a welcome I'd get—

MR. WHITE [*preceding him into the room*] Sergeant-Major Morris!

MRS. WHITE: Tut! tut! So cold you must be! Come to the fire; do'ee, now.

SERGEANT: How are you, marm? [*To Herbert*] How's yourself, laddie? Not on duty yet, eh? Day-week, eh?

HERBERT [c] No, Sir. Night week. But there's half an hour yet.

SERGEANT [*sitting in the armchair above the fire, which Mrs. White is motioning him towards, Mr. White mixes grog for Morris*] 'Thank'ee kindly, marm. That's good-hah! That's a sight better than the trenches at Chitral. That's better than settin' in a puddle with the rain pourin' down in buckets, and the natives takin' pot-shots at you.

MRS. WHITE: Didn't you have no umbrellas? [*Corner below fire, kneels before it, stirs it, etc.*]

SERGEANT: Umbrella? Ho! ho! That's good! Eh, White? That's good. Did ye hear what she said? Umbrellas!—And goloshes! and hot-water bottles! Ho, Yes! No offence, marm, but it's easy to see you was never a soldier.

HERBERT [*rather hurt*] Mother spoke out o' kindness, sir.

SERGEANT: And well I know it; and no offence intended. No, marm, 'ardship, 'ardship is the soldiers' lot. Starvation, fever, and get yourself shot. That's a bit o' my own.

MRS. WHITE: You don't look to've taken much harm—except [*indicates his empty sleeve. She takes kettle to table, then returns to fire.*]

SERGEANT [*showing a medal hidden under his coat*] And that I got this for. No, marm. Though Thomas Morris is tough. [*Mr. White is holding a glass of grog under the Sergeant's nose.*] And sober. What's this now?

MR. WHITE: Put your nose in it; you'll see.

SERGEANT: Whisky? And hot? And sugar? And a slice o' lemon? No. I said I'd never—but seein' the sort o' night. Well [*Waving the glass at them*] Here's another thousand a year!

MR. WHITE [*sits R of table, also with a glass*] Same to you, and many of 'em.

SERGEANT [*to Herbert who has no glass*] What? Not you?

HERBERT [*laughing and sitting across chair, C*] Oh! 't isn't for want of being sociable. But my work don't go with it. Not if 'twas ever so little. I've got to keep a cool head, a steady eye, and a still hand. The fly-wheel might gobble me up.

MRS. WHITE: Don't, Herbert. [*Sits in armchair below fire.*]

HERBERT [*laughing*] No fear, mother.

SERGEANT: Ah! you electricians!—Sort o' magicians, you are. Light! says you—and light it is. And, power! says you—and the trams go whizzin'. And, knowledge! says you—and words go 'ummin' to the ends o' the world. It fair beats me—and I've seen a bit in my time, too.

HERBERT [*nudges his father*] Your Indian magic? All a fake, governor. The Fakir's fake.

SERGEANT: Fake, you call it? I tell you, I've seen it.

HERBERT [*nudging his father with his foot*] Oh, come, now! such as what? Come, now!

SERGEANT: I've seen a cove with no more clothes on than a babby—[*to Mrs. White*] if you know what I mean—take an empty basket—empty, mind!—as empty as—as this here glass—

MR. WHITE: Hand it over, Morris. [*Hands it to Herbert, who goes quickly behind table and fills it.*]

SERGEANT: Which was not my intentions, but used for illustration.

HERBERT [*while mixing*] Oh, I've seen the basket trick; and I've read how it was done. Why, I could do it myself, with a bit o' practice. Ladle out something stronger.

[*Herbert brings him the glass.*]

SERGEANT: Stronger?—what do you say to an old fakir chuckin' a rope up in the air—in the air, mind you!—and swarming up it, same as if it was 'looked on—and vanishing clean out o' sight? I've seen *that*.

[*Herbert goes to table, plunges a knife into a bun and offers it to the Sergeant with exaggerated politeness.*]

SERGEANT [*eyeing it with disgust*] Bun—? What for?

HERBERT: That yarn takes it.

[*Mr. and Mrs. White delighted.*]

SERGEANT: Mean to say you doubt my word?

MRS. WHITE: No, no! He's only taking you off—
You should'nt, Herbert.

MR. WHITE: Herbert always was one for a bit o' fun!

[*Herbert puts bun back on table, comes round in front, and moving the chair out of the way*

sits cross-legged on the floor at his father's side.]

SERGEANT : But it's true. Why, if I chose, I could tell you things—But there ! you don't get no more yarns out o' me.

MR. WHITE : Nonsense, old friend. [*Puts down his glass!* You're not going to get shirty about a bit o' fun. [*Moves his chair nearer Morris's*]. What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw, or something ? [*Nudges Herbert, and winks at Mrs. White.*]

SERGEANT [*gravely*] Nothing. Leastways, nothing worth hearing.

MRS. WHITE [*with astonished curiosity*] Monkey's paw—?

MR. WHITE : Ah—You was tellin' me—

SERGEANT : Nothing. Don't go on about it. [*Puts his empty glass to his lips—then stares at it.*] What ? Empty again ? There ! When I begin thinkin' o' the paw it makes me that absent-minded—

MR. WHITE [*rises and fills glass*] You said you always carried it on you.

SERGEANT : So I do, for fear o' what might happen. [*Sunk in thought.*] Ay !—ay !

MR. WHITE [*handing him his glass refilled*] There. [*Sits again in the same chair.*]

MRS. WHITE : What's it for ?

SERGEANT : You wouldn't believe me, if I was to tell you.

HERBERT : I will, every word.

SERGEANT : Magic, then !—Don't you laugh !

HERBERT : I'm not. Got it on you now ?

SERGEANT : Of course.

HERBERT : Let's see it.

[*Seeing the sergeant embarrassed with his glass, Mrs. White rises, takes it from him, places it on mantlepice and remains standing.*]

SERGEANT : Oh, it's nothing to look at. [*Hunting in his pocket. Just an ordinary—little paw—dried to a mummy. Produces it and holds it towards Mrs. White.*] Here.

MRS. WHITE [*who has leant forward eagerly to see it, starts back with a little cry of disgust*] Oh!

HERBERT : Give us a look. [*Morris passes the paw to Mr. White, from whom Herbert takes it.*]
Why, it's all dried up!

SERGEANT : I said so.

[*Wind.*]

MRS. WHITE [*With a slight shudder*] Hark at the wind! [*Sits again in her old place.*]

MR. WHITE [*taking the paw from Herbert*] And what might there be special about it?

SERGEANT [*impressively*] That there paw has had a spell put upon it!

MR. WHITE : No? [*In great alarm he thrusts the paw back into Morris's hand.*]

SERGEANT [*pensively, holding the paw in the palm of his hand*] Ah! By an old fakir. He was a very holy man. He'd sat all doubled up in one spot, goin' on for fifteen year; thinkin' o' things! And he wanted to show that fate ruled people. That everything was cut and dried from the beginning, as you might say. That there warn't no gettin' away from it. And that, if you tried to, you caught it hot. [*Pauses solemnly*]. So he put a spell on this

bit of a paw. It might ha' been anything else, but he took the first thing that came handy. Ah ! He put a spell on it, and made it so that three people [*looking at them and with deep meaning*] could each have three wishes.

[*All but Mrs. White laugh rather nervously.*]

MRS. WHITE : Ssh ! Don't !

SERGEANT [*more gravely*] But—! But, mark you, though the wishes was granted, those three people would have cause to wish they *hadn't* been.

MR. WHITE : But how *could* the wishes be granted ?

SERGEANT : He didn't say. It would all happen so natural, you might think it a coincidence if so disposed.

HERBERT : Why haven't you tried it, sir ?

SERGEANT [*gravely, after a pause*] I have.

HERBERT [*eagerly*] You've had your three wishes ?

SERGEANT [*gravely*] Yes.

MRS. WHITE : Were they granted ?

SERGEANT [*staring at the fire*] They were.

[*A pause.*]

MR. WHITE : Has anybody else wished ?

SERGEANT : Yes. The first owner had his three wish—[*lost in recollection.*] Yes, oh yes, he had his three wishes all right. I don't know what his first two were, [*very impressively*] but the third was for death. [*All shudder.*] That's how I got the paw.

[*A Pause*]

HERBERT [*cheerfully*] Well ! Seems to me you've only got to wish for things that can't have any bad luck about 'em—[*Rises*]

SERGEANT [*shaking his head*] Ah !

MR. WHITE [*tentatively*.] Morris—if you've had your three wishes—it's no good to you, now—what do you keep it for ?

SERGEANT [*still holding the paw ; looking at it*] Fancy, I s'pose. I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It's done mischief enough already. Besides, people won't buy. Some of 'em think it's a fairy tale. And some want to try it first, and pay after.

[*Nervous laugh from the others.*]

MRS. WHITE : If you could have another three wishes, would you ?

SERGEANT [*slowly weighing the paw in his hand, and looking at it*] I don't know—I don't know—[*Suddenly, with violence, flinging it in the fire*] No ! I'm damned if I would !

[*Movement from all.*]

MR. WHITE [*rises and quickly snatches it out of the fire*] What are you doing ?

[*White goes R. C.*]

SERGEANT [*rising and following him and trying to prevent him*] Let it burn ! Let the infernal thing burn !

MRS. WHITE [*rises*] Let it burn, father !

MR. WHITE [*wiping it on his coat-sleeve*] No. If you don't want it give it to me.

SERGEANT [*violently*] I won't ! I won't ! My hands are clear of it. I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me ; whatever happens. Here ! Pitch it back again.

MR. WHITE [*stubbornly*] I'm going to keep it. What do you say, Herbert ?

HERBERT [*L.C., laughing*] I say, keep it if you want to. Stuff and nonsense, any how.

MR. WHITE [*looking at the paw thoughtfully*] Stuff and nonsense. Yes. I wonder—[*casually*] I wish [*He was going to say some ordinary thing, like 'I wish I were certain'*].

SERGEANT [*misunderstanding him; violently*] Stop! Mind what you're doing. That's not the way.

MR. WHITE : What is the way ?

MRS. WHITE [*moving away, up R.C. to back of table, and beginning to put the tumblers straight, and the chairs in their places*] Oh, don't have any thing to do with it, John.

[*Takes glasses on tray to dresser, L, busies herself there, rinsing them in a bowl of water on the dresser, and wiping them with a cloth.*]

SERGEANT : 'That's what I say, marm. But if I warn't to tell him, he might go wishing something he didn't mean to. You hold it in your right hand, and wish aloud. But I warn you ! I warn you !

MRS. WHITE : Sounds like the Arabian Nights. Don't you think you might wish me four pair o' hands ?

MR. WHITE [*laughing*] Right you are, mother !—I wish—

SERGEANT [*pulling his arm down*] Stop it ! If you must wish, wish for something sensible. Look here ! I can't stand this. Gets on my nerves. Where's my coat ? [*Goes into alcove.*]

[*Mr. White crosses to fireplace and carefully*

puts the paw on the mantelpiece. He is absorbed in it to the end of the tableau.]

HERBERT : I'm coming your way, to the works, in a minute. Won't you wait ? *Goes up c, helps Morris with his coat.]*

SERGEANT [*pulling on his coat*] No. I'm all shook up. I want fresh air. I don't want to be here when you wish. And wish you will as soon's my back's turned. I know. I know. But I've warned you, mind.

MR. WHITE [*helping him into his coat*] All right, Morris. Don't you fret about us. [*Gives him money.*] Here.

SERGEANT [*refusing it*] No, I won't.—

MR. WHITE [*forcing it into his hand*] Yes, you will [*Opens door.*]

SERGEANT [*turning to the room*] Well, good-night all. [*To White.*] Put it in the fire.

ALL : Good-night.

[*Exit Sergeant. Mr. White closes door, comes towards fireplace, absorbed in the paw.*]

HERBERT [*down L*] If there's no more in this than there is in his other stories, we shan't make much out of it.

MRS. WHITE [*comes down n. c. to White*] Did you give him anything for it, father ?

MR. WHITE : A trifle. He didn't want it, but I made him take it.

MRS. WHITE : There now ! You shouldn't. Throwing your money about.

MR. WHITE [*looking at the paw which he has picked up again*] I wonder—

HERBERT : What ?

MR. WHITE : I wonder, whether we hadn't better chuck it on the fire ?

HERBERT [*laughing*] Likely ! Why, we're all going to be rich and famous and happy.

MRS. WHITE : Throw it on the fire indeed, when you've given money for it ! So like you, father.

HERBERT : Wish to be an Emperor, father, to begin with. Then you can't be henpecked !

MRS. WHITE : [*going for him front of table with a duster*]

You young—! [*follows him to back of table.*]

HERBERT [*running away from her round behind table*] Steady with that duster, mother !

MR. WHITE : Be quiet, there ! [*Herbert catches Mrs. White in his arms and kisses her.*] I wonder—[*He has the paw in his hand.*] I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact. [*He looks about him with a happy smile.*] I seem to've got all I want.

HERBERT [*with his hands on the old man's shoulders.*]

Old dad ! If you'd only cleared the debt on the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you ? [*laughing.*] Well-go ahead !—wish for the two-hundred pounds : that'll just do it.

MR. WHITE [*half laughing*] Shall I ?

[*Crosses to R. c.*]

HERBERT : Go on ! Here !—I'll play slow music. [*crosses to piano.*]

MRS. WHITE ! Don't' John. Don't have nothing to do with it !

HERBERT.: Now, dad! [*plays.*]

MR. WHITE: I will! [*holds up the paw, as if half ashamed.*] I wish for two hundred pounds.

[*crash on the piano. At the same instant Mr. White utters a cry and lets the paw drop.*]

MRS. WHITE:

and

} What's the matter?

HERBERT:

MR. WHITE [*grazing with horror at the paw*]

It moved! As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake.

HERBERT [*goes down R, and picks the paw up*]

Nonsense, dad. Why, it's as stiff as a bone.

[*lays it on the mantelpiece.*]

MRS. WHITE: Must have been your fancy, father.

HERBERT [*laughing*] well? *looking round the room.*]

I don't see the money; and I bet I never shall.

MR. WHITE [*relieved*] Thank God, there's no harm done! But it gave me a shock.

HERBERT: Half-past eleven. I must get along. I'm on at midnight. [*goes up C, fetches his coat, etc.*] We've had quite a merry evening.

MRS. WHITE: I'm off to bed. Don't be late for breakfast, Herbert.

HERBERT: I shall walk home as usual. Does me good. I shall be with you about nine. Don't wait, though.

MRS. WHITE: You know your father never waits.

HERBERT: Good-night, mother. [*kisses her. She lights candle on dresser, L, goes upstairs and exit. Coming to his father, R, who is sunk in thought.*]

Good-night, dad. You'll find the cash tied up in the middle of the bed.

MR. WHITE [*staring, seizes Herbert's hand*] It moved, Herbert!

HERBERT : Ah ! And a monkey hanging by his tail from the bed-post, watching you count the golden sovereigns.

MR. WHITE [*accompanying him to the door*] I wish you wouldn't joke, my boy.

HERBERT : All right, dad. [*Opens door.*] Lord ! What weather ! Good-night. [*Exit.*]

[*The old man shakes his head, closes the door, locks it, puts the chain up, slips the lower bolt, has some difficulty with the upper bolt.*]

MR. WHITE : 'His bolt's stiff again ! I must get Herbert to look to it in the morning.

Comes into the room, puts out the lamp, crosses towards steps, but is irresistibly attracted towards fire-place Sits down and stares into the fire. His expression changes ; he sees something horrible.]

MR. WHITE : [*with an involuntary cry*] Mother ! Mother !

MRS. WHITE [*appearing at the door at the top of the step with candle*] What's the matter ? [*Comes down R. C.*]

MR. WHITE [*mastering himself. Rises*] Nothing— I—haha !—I saw faces in the fire.

MRS. WHITE : Come along.

[*She takes his arm and draws him towards the steps. He looks back frightened towards fireplace as they reach the first step.*]

CURTAIN.

II

Bright sunshine. The table, which has been moved nearer the window is laid for breakfast. Mrs. White busy about the table. Mr. White standing in the window looking off R. The inner door is open, showing the outer door.

MR. WHITE : What a morning Herbert's got for walking home !

MRS. WHITE [L c] What's o'clock ? [*Looks at clock on mantelpiece.*] Quarter to nine, I declare. He's off at eight. [*Crosses to fire.*]

MR. WHITE : Takes him half an hour to change and wash. He's just by the cemetery now.

MRS. WHITE : He'll be here in ten minutes.

MR. WHITE [*coming to the table*] What's for breakfast ?

MRS. WHITE : Sausages. [*At the mantelpiece.*] Why, if here isn't that dirty monkey's paw ! [*Picks it up, looks at it with disgust, puts it back. Takes sausages in dish from before fire and places them on table.*] Silly thing ! The idea of us listening to such nonsense !

MR. WHITE [*goes up to window again*] Ay—the Sergeant-Major and his yarns ! I suppose all old soldiers are alike—

MRS. WHITE : Come on, father. Herbert hates us to wait.

[*They both sit and begin breakfast.*]

MRS. WHITE : How could wishes be granted, now-a-days ?

MR. WHITE : Ah ? Been thinking about it all night, have you ?

MRS. WHITE : You kept me awake, with your tossing and tumbling—

MR. WHITE : Ay, I had a bad night.

MRS. WHITE : It was the storm, I expect. How it blew !

MR. WHITE : I didn't hear it. I was asleep and not asleep, if you know what I mean.

MRS. WHITE : And all that rubbish about its making you unhappy if your wish *was* granted ! How could two hundred pounds hurt you, eh, Father ?

MR. WHITE : Might drop on my head in a lump. Don't see any other way. And I'd try to bear that. 'Though, mind you, Morris said it would all happen so naturally that you might take it for a coincidence, if so disposed.

MRS. WHITE : Well—it hasn't happened. That's all I know. And it isn't going to. [*A letter is seen to drop in the letter-box.*] And how you can sit there and talk about it—[*Sharp postman's knock : she jumps to her feet.*] What's that ?

MR. WHITE : Postman, o' course.

MRS. WHITE [*seeing the letter from a distance ; in an awed whisper*] He's brought a letter, John !

MR. WHITE [*laughing*] What did you think he'd bring ? Ton o' coals ?

MRS. WHITE : John ! John—! Suppose—?

MR. WHITE : Suppose what ?

MRS. WHITE : Suppose it was two hundred pounds !

MR. WHITE [*suppressing his excitement*] Eh !—
Here ! Don't talk nonsense. Why don't you fetch it ?

MRS. WHITE [*crosses and takes letter out of the box*] It's thick, John [*feels it*] and—and it's got something crisp inside it. [*Takes letter to White, R. C.*]

MR. WHITE : Who—who's it for ?

MRS. WHITE : You.

MR. WHITE : Hand it over, then. [*Feeling and examining it with ill-concealed excitement.*]

The idea ! What a superstitious old woman you are ! Where are my specs ?

MRS. WHITE : Let me open it.

MR. WHITE : Don't you touch it. Where are my specs ?

[*Goes to R.*]

MRS. WHITE : Don't let sudden wealth sour your temper, John.

MR. WHITE : Will you find my specs ?

MRS. WHITE [*taking them off mantelpiece*] Here, John, here. [*As he opens the letter.*] Take care ! Don't tear it !

MR. WHITE : Tear what ?

MRS. WHITE : If it was banknotes, John ?

MR. WHITE [*taking a thick, formal document out of the envelope and a crisp-looking slip*] You've gone dotty—You've made me nervous. [*Reads*] 'Sir, Enclosed please find receipt for interest on the mortgage of £ 200 on your house, duly received.' [*They look at each other. Mr. White sits down to finish his breakfast silently. Mrs. White goes to the window.*]

MRS. WHITE : That comes of listening to tipsy old soldiers.

MR. WHITE : [*pettish*] What does ?

MRS. WHITE : You thought there was bank notes in it.

MR. WHITE [*injured*] I didn't ! I said all along—

MRS. WHITE : How Herbert will laugh, when I tell him !

MR. WHITE [*with gruff good-humour*] You're not going to tell him. You're going to keep your mouth shut. That's what you're going to do. Why, I should never hear the last of it.

MRS. WHITE : Serve you right. I shall tell him. You know you like his fun. See how he joked you last night when you said the paw moved.

[*She is looking through the window towards R.*]

MR. WHITE : So it did. It did move. That I'll swear to.

MRS. WHITE [*abstractedly she is watching something outside*] You thought it did.

MR. WHITE : I say it did. There was no thinking about it. You saw how it upset me, didn't you ? [*She doesn't answer.*] Didn't you ? Why don't you listen ? [*Turns round.*] What is it ?

MRS. WHITE : Nothing.

MR. WHITE [*Turns back to his breakfast*] Do you see Herbert coming ?

MRS. WHITE : No.

MR. WHITE : He's about due. What is it ?

MRS. WHITE : Nothing. Only a man. Looks like a gentleman. Leastways, he's in black and he's got a top-hat on.

MR. WHITE : What about him ? [*He is not interested; goes on eating.*]

MRS. WHITE: He stood at the garden-gate as if he wanted to come in. But he couldn't seem to make up his mind.

MR. WHITE: Oh, go on! You're full o' fancies.

MRS. WHITE: He's going—no; he's coming back.

MR. WHITE: Don't let him see you peeping.

MRS. WHITE [*with increasing excitement*] He's looking at the house. He's got his hand on the latch. No. He turns away again. [*Eagerly*] John! He looks like a sort of a lawyer.

MR. WHITE: What of it?

MRS. WHITE: Oh, you'll only laugh again. But suppose—suppose he's coming about the two hundred—

MR. WHITE: You're not to mention it again!—You're a foolish old woman—Come and eat your breakfast. [*Eagerly*] Where is he now?

MRS. WHITE: Gone down the road. He has turned back. He seems to've made up his mind. Here he comes!—Oh John, and me all untidy! [*Crosses to fire R.*]

[*Knock*]

MR. WHITE [*to Mrs White, who is hastily, smoothing her hair etc.*] What's it matter? He's made a mistake. Come to the wrong house. [*Crosses to fireplace.*]

[*Mrs. White opens the door Mr. Sampson, dressed from head to foot in solemn black, with a top-hat, stands in the doorway.*]

SAMPSON [*outside*] Is this Mr. White's?

MRS. WHITE: Come in, sir. Please step in. [*She shows him into the room; goes R he is awkward*]

and nervous. You must overlook our being so untidy and the room all anyhow ; and John in his garden-coat. [*To Mr. White reproachfully.*] Oh, John.

SAMPSON [*to Mr White*] Morning. My name is Sampson.

MRS. WHITE [*Offering a chair*] Won't you please be seated ?

[*Sampson stands quite still up o*]

SAMPSON : Ah—thank you—no, I think not—I think not. [*Pause.*]

MR. WHITE [*awkwardly, trying to help him*] Fine weather for the time o' year.

SAMPSON : Ah—yes—yes—[*Pause ; he makes a renewed effort.*] My name is Sampson—I've come—

MRS. WHITE : Perhaps you was wishful to see Herbert ; he'll be home in a minute. [*Pointing*] Here's his breakfast waiting—

SAMPSON [*interrupting her hastily*] No, no ! [*Pause.*] I've come from the electrical works.

MRS. WHITE : Why, you might have come *with* him. [*Mr. White sees something is wrong, tenderly puts his hand on her arms.*]

SAMPSON : No—no—I've come—*alone.*

MR. WHITE [*with a little anxiety*] Is anything the matter ?

SAMPSON : I was asked to call—

MRS. WHITE [*abruptly*] Herbert ! Has anything happened ? Is he hurt ? Is he hurt ?

MR. WHITE [*soothing her*] There, there, mother. Don't you jump to conclusions. Let the gentle—

man speak. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir.

SAMPSON : I'm—sorry—

MRS. WHITE : Is he hurt [*Sampson bows*]

MRS. WHITE : Badly ?

SAMPSON : Very badly [*Turns away*]

MRS. WHITE [*with a cry*] John—! [*She instinctively moves towards Mr. White*]

MR. WHITE : Is he in pain ?

SAMPSON : He is not in pain.

MRS. WHITE : Oh, thank God ! Thank God for that ! Thank—[*She looks in a startled fashion at Mr. White—realizes what Sampson means, catches his arm and tries to turn him towards her.*] Do you mean ?

[*Sampson avoids her look ; she gropes for her husband : he takes her two hands in his, and gently lets her sink into the armchair above the fireplace, then he stands on her right, between her and Sampson.*]

MR. WHITE [*hoarsely*] Go on, sir.

SAMPSON : He was telling his mates a story. Something that had happened here last night. He was laughing, and wasn't noticing and—and—[*hushed*] the machinery caught him—

[*A little cry from Mrs. White, her face shows her horror and agony.*]

MR. WHITE [*vague, holding Mrs. White's hand*]

The machinery caught him—yes—and him the only child it's hard, sir—very hard.

SAMPSON [*subdued*] The Company wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss—

MR. WHITE [*Staring blankly*] Our—great—loss—!

SAMPSON : I was to say further [*as if apologizing*]

I am only their servant—I am only obeying orders—

MR. WHITE : Our—great—loss—

SAMPSON : [*laying an envelope on the table and edging towards the door*] I was to say, the Company disclaim all responsibility, but, in consideration of your son's services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation. [*Gets to door.*]

MR. WHITE : Our—great—loss—[*Suddenly, with horror.*] How—how much ?

SAMPSON [*in the doorway*] Two hundred pounds.
[*Exit.*]

[*Mrs. White gives a cry. The old man takes no heed of her, smiles faintly, puts out his hands like a sightless man, and drops, a senseless heap, to the floor. Mrs. White stares at him blankly and her hands go out helplessly towards him.*]

CURTAIN

III

Night. On the table a candle is flickering at its last gasp. The room looks neglected. Mr. White is dosing fitfully in the armchair. Mrs. White is in the window peering through the blind towards L.

[*Mr. White starts, wakes, looks around him.*]

MR. WHITE [*fretfully*] Jenny-Jenny.

MRS. WHITE [*in the window*] Yes.

MR. WHITE : Where are you ?

MRS. WHITE : At the window.

MR. WHITE : What are you doing ?

MRS. WHITE : Looking up the road.

MR. WHITE [*falling back*] What's the use, Jenny !
What's the use ?

MRS. WHITE : That's where the cemetery is ; that's
where we've laid him.

MR. WHITE : Ay-ay-a week to-day-what o'clock is it ?

MRS. WHITE : I don't know.

MR. WHITE : We don't take much account of time
now. Jenny, do we ?

MRS. WHITE : Why should we ? He don't come
home. He'll never come home again. There's
nothing to think about.

MR. WHITE : Or to talk about. [*Pause*] Come
away from the window ; you'll get cold.

MRS. WHITE : It's colder where *he* is.

MR. WHITE : Ay—gone for ever.

MRS. WHITE : And taken all our hopes with him.

MR. WHITE : And all our *wishes*.

MRS. WHITE : Ay, and all our- *With a sudden cry.*
John ! [*She comes quickly to him ; he rises*]

MR. WHITE : Jenny ! for God's sake ! What's the
matter ?

MRS. WHITE : [*with a dreadful eagerness*] The
paw ! The monkey's paw

MR. WHITE [*bewildered*] Where ? Where is it ?
What's wrong with it ?

MRS. WHITE : I want it ! You haven't done away
with it ?

MR. WHITE : I haven't seen it since—why ?

MRS. WHITE : I want it ! Find it ! Find it !

MR. WHITE [*groping on the mantelpiece*] Here !
Here it is ! What do you want of it ? [*He leaves
it there.*]

MRS. WHITE : Why didn't I think of it ? Why didn't *you* think of it ?

MR. WHITE : Think of what ?

MRS. WHITE : The *other two* wishes !

MR. WHITE : [*with horror*] What ?

MRS. WHITE : We've only had one.

MR. WHITE : [*tragically*] Wasn't that enough ?

MRS. WHITE : No ! We'll have one more. [*Mr. White crosses to R. C., Mrs. White takes the paw and follows him.*] Take it. Take it quickly. And wish—

MR. WHITE [*avoiding the paw*] Wish what ?

MRS. WHITE : Oh, John ! John ! Wish our boy alive again !

MR. WHITE : Good God ! Are you mad ?

MRS. WHITE : Take it. Take it and wish. [*With a paroxysm of grief*]. Oh, my boy ! My boy !

MR. WHITE : Get to bed. Get to sleep. You don't know what you're saying.

MRS. WHITE : We had the first wish granted why not the second ?

MR. WHITE [*hushed*] He's been dead ten days, and—Jenny ! Jenny ! I only knew him by his clothing—if you wasn't allowed to see him—how could you bear to see him *now* ?

MRS. WHITE : I don't care. Bring him back.

MR. WHITE [*shrinking from the paw*] I daren't touch it !

MRS. WHITE : [*thrusting it in his hand*] Here ! Here ! Wish !

MR. WHITE [*trembling*] Jenny !

MRS. WHITE [*fiercely*] Wish. [*She goes on frantically whispering 'Wish'.*]

MR. WHITE [*shuddering, but overcome by her insistence*] I—I-wish-my-son-alive again.

[*He drops it with a cry. The candle goes out. Utter darkness. He sinks into a chair. Mrs. White hurries to the window and draws the blind back. She stands in the moonlight. Pause.*]

MRS. WHITE [*dearly*] Nothing.

MR. WHITE : 'Thank God ! Thank God !

MRS. WHITE : Nothing at all. Along the whole length of the road not a living thing, [*Closes blind.*] And nothing, nothing, nothing left in our lives, John.

MR. WHITE : Except each other, Jenny and memories.

MRS. WHITE [*coming back slowly to the fireplace*] We're too old. We were only alive in him. We can't begin again. We can't feel anything now, John, but emptiness and darkness. [*She sinks into armchair.*]

MR. WHITE : 'I isn't for long, Jenny. There's that to look forward to.

MRS. WHITE : Every minute's long, now.

MR. WHITE : [*rising*] I can't bear the darkness !

MRS. WHITE : It's dreary-dreary.

MR. WHITE [*crosses to dresser*] Where's the candle ? [*Finds it and brings it to table.*] And the matches ? Where are the matches ? We mustn't sit in the dark. 'Tisn't wholesome. [*Lights match ; the other candlestick is close to him.*] There. [*Turning with the lighted match towards Mrs. White, who is rocking and moaning.*] Don't take on so, mother.

MRS. WHITE : I'm a mother no longer.

MR. WHITE [*lights candle*] There now ; there now.
Go on up to bed. Go on, now—I'm a-coming.

MRS. WHITE : Whether I'm here or in bed, or
wherever I am. I'm with my boy. I'm with—
[*A low single knock at the street door.*]

MRS. WHITE [*starting*] What's that !

MR. WHITE [*mastering his horror*] A rat. The
house is full of 'em. [*A louder single knock ;
she starts up. He catches her by the arm.*]
Stop ! What are you going to do ?

MRS. WHITE [*wildly*] It's my boy ! It's Herbert ! I
forgot it was a mile away ! What are you
holding me for ? I must open the door !
[*The knocking continues in single knocks at
irregular intervals, constantly growing
louder and more insistent.*]

MR. WHITE [*still holding her*] For God's sake !

MRS. WHITE [*struggling*] Let me go !

MR. WHITE : Don't open the door !
[*He drags her towards L. F.*]

MRS. WHITE : Let me go !

MR. WHITE : Think what you might see !

MRS. WHITE : [*struggling fiercely*] Do you think
I fear the child I bore ! Let me go ! [*She
wrenches herself loose and rushes to the door
which she tears open.*] I'm coming, Herbert !
I'm coming !

MR. WHITE [*cowering in the extreme corner L.F.*]
Don't'ee do it. Don't'ee do it !

[*Mrs. White is at work on the outer door,
where the knocking still continues. She slips the
chain, slips the lower bolt, unlocks the door.*]

MR. WHITE [*suddenly*] The Paw ! Where's the
monkey's paw ?

[He gets on his knees and feels along the floor for it.]

MRS. WHITE *[tugging at the top bolt]* John ! The top bolt's stuck. I can't move it. Come and help. Quick !

MR. WHITE *[wildly groping]* The paw ! There's a wish left.

[The knocking is now loud, and in groups of increasing length between the speeches.]

MRS. WHITE : D'ye hear him ? John ! Your child's knocking !

MRS. WHITE *[tugging desperately at the bolt]* Help ! Help ! Will you keep your child from his home ?

MR. WHITE : Where did it fall ? I can't find it I can't find—

[The knocking is now tempestuous, and there are blows upon the door as of a body beating against it.]

MRS. WHITE : Herbert ! Herbert ! My boy ! Wait ! Your mother's opening to you ! Ah ! It's moving ! It's moving !

MR. WHITE : God forbid ! *[Finds the paw.]* Ah !

MRS. WHITE *[slipping the bolt]* Herbert !

MR. WHITE *[has raised himself to his knees; he holds the paw high]* I wish him dead. *[The knocking stops abruptly]* wish him dead and at peace !

MRS. WHITE : *[flinging the door open simultaneously]* Herb—

[A flood of moonlight. Emptiness. The old man sways in prayer on his knees. The old woman lies half swooning, wailing against the door post.] CURTAIN

EXPLANATIONS

Fulham—A suburb of London along the Thames.

Chitral—A rugged black country in N. W. Frontier in W. Pakistan.

Lemme—Let me (colloquial).

Marm—Madam (colloquial).

Mummy—Embalmed dead body.

COMPREHENSION

1. *How can you tell the class of society Mr. Herbert belongs to?*
2. *What was the spell about the Monkey's Paw?*
3. *How was the first wish fulfilled?*
4. *What came of their other wishes?*

APPRECIATION

William W. Jacobs wrote vividly about the Thames-side wharves and the people about them. His sketches have a life of their own and are valuable as examples of the type peculiar to the region. His short stories, *Many Cargoes*, *Light Freights* and *Deep Waters* mostly have a background of shipping, and most of his characters are longshoremen. But his most celebrated story is, however, the *Monkey's Paw*, a classic of horror that has been converted into a successful one-act play by Louis N. Parker. Note with what consummate art the mystery and horror have been worked up ending in a tragedy.

ASSIGNMENT

Try to dramatise the story of 'The Selfish Giant' previously read. Proceed along the line shown in the following instructions.

SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER READING

The Series of Modern Plays published by Samuel French.

HOW TO DRAMATISE

Revise what you read with regard to writing of a short story. Much of it can be applied with equal force to the writing of a short play.

The first thing to bear in mind is that a story is intended to be read but a short play is intended to be acted. In the play something must be happening all the time : Thus the essence of a play is *Action*. Secondly the characters should be developed through dialogue. In a story the event can be narrated and the characters described. But in the play the story should unfold itself through a series of actions and characters reveal themselves through dialogue. Remember, dialogue should be natural, not bookish, crisp, neat and flowing.

Lastly, like the story the play has the beginning or exposition, the middle or development and then the end or the climax.

Before attempting to write an original one, you can start by dramatising a story, as for example. The Selfish Giant.

First begin with a list of *Dramatis Personae* or Persons of the Play and next :—

SCENE I

A Garden by the Roadside

THE FIRST CHILD—What a lovely garden !

THE SECOND CHILD—Indeed ! The flowers look like stars.

THE THIRD CHILD—Listen how sweetly the birds sing.

THE FIRST CHILD—Look ! The apples are ripe. Let us pluck some.

(*Enter Giant*)

GIANT—(*In a gruff voice*) What are you doing here ? Proceed thus—

LIBRARY

